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OR THE

RECLUSE OF THE LAKE.

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IN FIVE VOLUMES



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RECLUSE OF THE LAKE.

BY

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.

THE FIFTH

OF THE

RECORDS OF THE

BY

CHARLOTTE SMITH
CHAPTER

THE FIFTH VOLUME
Edward and Lady Howard, the
and the other members of the
Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Chapman, who
VOLUME III
and themselves in the
which have been in the
Mrs. Landon, who has been in the
the very first volume: the
PRINTED FOR T. CASSELL, IN THE STRAND, LONDON.

MADE IN AUSTRIA



ETHELINDE,
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CHAPTER I.

THE visit of the Ludford family to Sir Edward and Lady Newenden that evening, had been principally at the desire of Mr. Rupert and Miss Clarinthia, who flattered themselves that they might be included in the party to Lord Danesforte's. Mrs. Ludford, while she affected to despise every thing but the substantial comforts of riches, was yet very solicitous to

be noticed by "people of quality;" and was never so well pleased as when she compared that affluence acquired by trade, to the more brilliant but frequently ill supported splendor of such of the nobility as believed themselves obliged to make an appearance more equal to their rank than to their fortune. Every opportunity therefore of making this comparison she eagerly seized; and when they afforded at once gratification to her pride, and occasion to display the talents of her son, every thing was obtained that could make her eager for the party.

With avidity she engaged with her son and daughter in the project of going to Danesforte; where Mr. Rupert was to write for the theatre, and Miss Clarinthia to take a part: So had they arranged it in their imagination; and infinite was their mortification neither to meet Lord Danesforte or to hear any thing of the intended party; but to be received, if not with coldness, at least without any pleasure;
and

and to observe throughout the house symptoms of confusion, which while it disappointed their expectations piqued their curiosity.

During their journey home they made various conjectures on the cause of Ethelinde's journey to London. "Tis some affairs I suppose of her father's," said Miss Ludford. "We all know how terribly embarrassed he is. Poor dear girl! she is much to be pitied."

"Pitied, for what?" cried the elder lady. "I dare say she would be much affronted at being pitied. She thinks herself rather an object of envy, I suppose: and as to this journey, I dare say it happens because Lady Newenden has found out at last that every body talks of her and Sir Edward."

"Indeed, mama, I am convinced that was mere scandal; besides it looks, I think, more like a wedding than any thing else. I am sure that Mr. Montgomery is a lover."

B 2

"Perhaps

“Perhaps he may. He has nothing, I suppose; most likely some dependant on Sir Edward. ’Twill be convenient enough to have Miss Chesterville married. There are ways great people have of settling matters very commodiously; and Chesterville will be glad to get his daughter off, that he may have nothing to interrupt him at his beloved gaming table.”

“Dear ma’am,” exclaimed the gentle Clarinthia, “I declare I do not believe any harm of Ethelinde; and I understand that Mr. Montgomery is a man of family.”

“Of family!” answered her mother; and what good does family do? Chesterville was a man of family too; and my sister Ethy never considered that his family would not support her and her children. I am sure she made a bad history of it with her honorable connections; and I dare say her daughter will do

do the same or worse, for like her she sets up for a beauty."

"The girl is certainly handsome," said young Ludford, conceitedly; "but in my mind, that is all. 'Tis a pretty inanimate creature; I have tried to make something of her, but she seems totally to be deficient in spirit and discernment."

"The world supposes," said Mr. Emmerfley, "that Sir Edward has been more successful, Ludford; and if that is really the case, her predilection in his favour must excuse her blindness to you."

"Oh! I forgive her from my soul," replied Mr. Rupert. "I never think your fine misses worth much trouble, nor should I have thrown away a thought on this, had not she had the reputation of an understanding in a superior style."

"I wonder how she acquired such a character," said Mrs. Ludford.

"Why by being puffed by Sir Edward," replied her son, "to be sure; he is reckoned a man of sense and reading, and his word was taken for that of his great favourite. 'Tis nothing but puffing that gives people character. Then the girl is handsome; and a very, very small share of wit will make a pretty woman in fashion."

"And I suppose a fashionable carelessness of her reputation too is one reason for her fame; for my part I should, as she is related to me, be much better pleased if she was either less talked of, or talked of more to her advantage."

While this party was indulging their spleen on the subject of poor Ethelinde, Mr. Maltravers was labouring to adjust matters between Sir Edward and Lord Danesforte, the former of whom was very desirous of avoiding every measure that might expose the reputation of his wife; and the latter, even more anxious to evade relinquishing his arrangement with

Lady

Lady Newenden, and his future projects in regard to gaming parties with Davenant, both of which he apprehended would be broken if he resented the conduct of Sir Edward. Though his Lordship possessed courage or rather fierceness enough to have no apprehensions of the event of a meeting, he yet found little inclination to hazard it, when it made him every way liable to danger and inconvenience, without promising any possible advantage. His personal courage nobody doubted; and he therefore determined rather to make the apology, at which Mr. Maltravers gently hinted, than become liable to fall by the hand of Sir Edward, or to be obliged to quit the country should he himself have the advantage. Lady Newenden obstinately refused to make any concession; and the day after Ethelinde's departure, continued to keep her room. But Sir Edward, as he sat at breakfast alone, was surprised by the entrance of Lord Danes-

forte, who, gaily and carelessly approaching him, took his hand—"My dear Newenden," said he, "we strangely misunderstood each other yesterday. The devil, I believe, was in you. Prithee, Newenden, what had got possession of your head? If it had been any body else, I can tell you, I should have set about obtaining an explanation in a different way; but I know you are my friend, and that your conduct of yesterday was a mere fit of ill humour. Why the devil would you desire to put an end to our party; it is impossible but what you must think better of it."

Sir Edward withdrew his hand, and calmly but coldly answered—"My Lord, I cannot think otherwise of it than I did before; nor should I, without long consideration and very substantial reasons, have desired Lady Newenden to have given it up. My Lord, I will be explicit with you; I have too good an opinion of my wife to believe her capable
of

of offending against her honour and mine; but the appearance of such great familiarity with any society I disapprove——”

“Cæsar himself not more nice ha? My dear Sir Edward, one would really think you had been born and educated an hundred and fifty years ago. Ridiculous! If it was known that you had this whim in your head, and of a woman too whose conduct is so irreproachable as Lady Newenden’s, upon my soul you would be laughed to death, and be held up as the Mr. Strickland of the modern world.”

“I should be very indifferent about that; my own happiness, the honor of my family, is of some consequence to me; the opinion of those whom you call the modern world, of none.”

“Why, upon my soul, you grow worse and worse: ’tis so absurd, Newenden, that we will not argue upon it. Lady Newenden goes surely to Danesforte. I have every thing prepared; and

it will be the damndest thing in the world to disappoint us. Besides you will go with us yourself, and Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers. Surely, in point of propriety, you may defy all the old cats in Europe to find fault; but why the devil you attend to their gossip, I cannot guess; and why, having lived so long in the world, you have not yet acquired courage fearlessly to please yourself."

"Pardon me, my Lord, I *have* acquired that degree of resolution; and therefore it is that I shall please myself in the present instance; and instead of going at this inauspicious season a longer journey, shall return with my family to Denham."

"Since that is the case, Sir Edward," said Lord Danesforte, gravely, "it becomes necessary for me to enquire what are your objections to accepting an invitation to my house."

"Simply, my Lord, because I dislike
the

the dissipation in which Lady Newenden has been of late too much engaged; and above all I dislike deep play, and will suffer it no longer."

"Do you mean, Sir," said his Lordship, looking more and more displeased, "to say that *I* have engaged your wife in deeper play than has been her former custom?"

"My opinion on that matter," replied Sir Edward, "I shall not give when it is thus asked; nor do I conceive that your Lordship has any right to interfere in my domestic arrangements. I do not like my wife should go to Danesforte, and therefore your Lordship must excuse her."

"You cannot however, Sir, prevent my thinking this conduct very extraordinary."

"I embarrass myself very little with your Lordship's thoughts."

"By heaven, Sir Edward Newenden, this is behaviour I do not understand."

"Any

“Any explanation that you wish, shall be at your service, my Lord.”

Maltravers, who had been in an adjoining room listening, not without apprehension, to the progress of the dialogue, now entered; and dreading least the dissention should become too violent for accommodation, he could not conceal that he had heard what had passed.

“My dear Sir Edward, Lord Danesforte,” said he, addressing himself to both, “here seems to have been some misunderstanding. Let me beg that it may go no farther. Let me entreat of you, Sir Edward, to think better of me and Mrs. Maltravers than to suppose we would suffer Maria to persist in a plan really improper; but indeed you mistake the thing. My Lord, excuse Sir Edward’s warmth; the little difficulty will be cleared up. Allow me——”

“My dear Mr. Maltravers,” said Lord Danesforte, “I cannot but feel infinitely obliged to you; to Mrs. Maltravers

too I am deeply a debtor. Thus flattered by your good opinion, it is, I own, doubly mortifying to me to find that Sir Edward Newenden, whose friendship I so highly prized, should have conceived an opinion that the scheme of domestic felicity he prefers has been by my means disturbed. Damn it, I could not have supposed Sir Edward capable of such an idea." I

"Nor did I, my Lord, name such an idea. Your Lordship is pleased to enquire why I object to Lady Newenden's going to Danesforte. Without discovering that it is an enquiry you have any right to make, I answer that I chuse to put an end to the deep play and perpetual dissipation in which my wife has of late been unusually involved. Why you, my Lord, should find yourself offended by such a resolution, I cannot imagine; but be that as it may, it is irrevocable." Sir Edward then left the room; and Lord Danesforte, with a great

great oath, protested it was the damndest rudeness he had ever experienced. "What the devil does he mean by it, Mr. Maltravers? Pray has he had many of these amusing humours?"

"Really no, my Lord; for I don't remember that he ever contradicted Lady Newenden before; and now I am persuaded he will think otherwise of the matter. Lady Newenden, I must say, was wrong: she said in her warmth some things of my niece, Ethelinde Chesterville, which has piqued Sir Edward, and—"

"I don't wonder at his being piqued," said his Lordship, with a smile of great meaning.

"Not wonder at it?" asked Maltravers.

"As how?"

"Why, my dear friend, you know that nothing hurts, nothing wounds so deeply as an incontrovertible truth."

"Truth! Why do you suppose it is truth?"

"Aye

“Aye to be sure I do; and I really thought that it must have passed for such to every body who were not wilfully blind. My good friend, you have not seen so much of the world to wonder now at any circumstances of this kind.”

He then related some passages between Sir Edward and Ethelinde, with such observations upon them, that Maltravers, who had imputed the charge merely to the passion and spleen of his daughter, began to see Sir Edward's partiality to his niece in a different and very unfavourable light, and to believe what his Lordship laboured to impress, that the objections Sir Edward had to Lady Newenden's going to Danesforte originated not in his dislike to her connections, but in his own reluctance to go where Ethelinde was not; and in his apprehensions that her Ladyship's demand for money would prevent his supplying Ethelinde and her father to the extent he wished.

It

It was now that Maltravers, glad of any excuse which vindicated his daughter, thought it was his turn to be angry; but still the scandal such a rupture must occasion, and the ruin it would probably bring to all his ambitious schemes for his daughter's family, made him determine to smother this resentment, and palliate rather than inflame.

Lady Newenden still proudly persisted in being left mistress of her own actions; and talked with so much acrimony of Ethelinde, that Sir Edward, finding her father much inclined to join in her resentment and aggravate her suspicions, and her mother, violent as weak, maintaining her Ladyship's right to please herself, was at length compelled or rather harrassed into a compromise; and after two days of debate and contention, it was settled that he would himself accompany his wife, her father and mother, to Danesforte for one week only; and in return for this effort of complaisance her Ladyship

was

was to consent to go immediately afterwards to Denham, and remain there till after Christmas. Sir Edward, in pursuance of this arrangement, sent his children to his own house, and reluctantly prepared himself for a journey which nothing but his apprehensions of the evil reports that might be raised against their mother, joined to his fears for the fair fame of Ethelinde, could have induced him to have undertaken. He now regretted that he had taken a resolution which it was impossible to keep; but as prudence governed him, and not an obstinate adherence to his own opinions merely because he had once formed them, he was convinced, after long deliberation, that his childrens honor and his own demanded this sacrifice. They might be irreparably blemished by his resentment if it was carried farther; they might be saved by his giving the sanction of his presence to this contested expedition; and the world, who knew his principles, and that no
man

man, with a nicer sense of honor, had more resolution to defend it, would never suppose that he would accompany his wife to the house of a man to whom she was improperly attached; and while he thus hoped to stifle all reports that might have circulated against her, and gradually to dissolve the intimacy, which, though he believed it innocent, was very offensive to him, he thought to obtain of Lady Newenden an act of oblivion in regard to Ethelinde, and that he should still be permitted to serve and befriend her without being liable to the evil interpretations which that friendship had hitherto met with from his wife, her father, and her mother. Thus, without being at all satisfied with the disposition he had been compelled to make, he determined to appear so; for one week to conceal the uneasiness which Lady Newenden's conduct, though more circumspect than before, still gave him; and to endure, as well as he could, the
more

more corrosive reflection that Ethelinde was unhappy, and that another had the power, which he was denied, of succouring and consoling her.

CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE these scenes were passing at Bristol Hot Wells, Ethelinde and her father, attended by Montgomery, reached London. The attachment which had been forming ever since the first moment of their acquaintance between these young people, encreased every moment that they were together. In the mind of Montgomery, the beauty of Ethelinde was, however interesting and captivating, forgotten in contemplating the sweetness of her disposition, and the tenderness of her heart. Her attention to her father, her anxiety for her brother, the fortitude which she assumed in the hope of alleviating the wretchedness of the one, and the sacrifices she prepared to make to relieve the pecuniary distresses of the other, were such proofs of genuine goodness and greatness
of

of soul, that Montgomery, who was all spirit and generosity, must have loved such qualities wherever he had met them; but when he discovered them in a young and lovely woman, and knew that in an heart so noble and yet so soft he had himself the tenderest interest, his love amounted to adoration: a passion so violent acting on an ardent temper, and encouraged by the sympathy raised in the bosom of her who was its object, could neither be concealed or restrained. Montgomery spoke openly of it to Colonel Chesterville; who, depressed as he was by the calamitous situation of his son, and oppressed with pecuniary embarrassments of his own, could hardly with prudence listen to a passion which promised only a continuation of distress to his daughter. He could not but see that it was mutual, and therefore knew that to repress it must be fatal; he could not but feel that to encourage it was wild and romantic, and that every way unhappiness must attend it; yet so partial did
 he

he find himself towards Montgomery, so winning was the open candour of his manner, so attractive the warm generosity, the manly spirit, and genuine integrity of his temper, that Chesterville found it impossible to deny him his esteem and affection; and while he dared not encourage the elevated and sanguine hopes which he yet formed of making his fortune, he lamented that one fatal and apparently insurmountable object would make it impossible for him to give his daughter to the man, who, had he possessed only a competence for her support, he would have preferred to the most splendid fortune, and the most elevated connections.

The heart of Ethelinde had long been irrecoverably Montgomery's; but too well persuaded that it was impossible she ever could be his wife, she endeavoured, not to conquer her affection for him, for that was not in her power, but to subdue her mind to her situation; to dedicate her life to the service of her father and her brother, and
her

her heart to Montgomery; never to marry, since death would be preferable to an union with any other man; but to content herself with loving him and seeing him happy, which she was well persuaded he might be, if he could, by adopting the same plan, address some woman of great fortune, and by that means procure an establishment equal to his birth, without seeking it in another country. She fancied that passionately as she loved him, it would hurt her less to see him the husband of another, than not to see him at all; and she was assured that the greatest heiress would be unable to refuse him, when, with such a person and such a heart, the splendour of his birth, and the brilliancy of his talents were considered. In this temper of mind Ethelinde reached London. As Colonel Chesterville had no lodgings there, they drove to an hotel; where, as it was late in the evening and the weather bad, he would have left Ethelinde, while he and Montgomery went to the place where the latter had left young Chesterville

Chesterville in confinement; but she was so anxious to see and to console her brother, that she besought her father with tears to take her with him. He reluctantly consented; and after a slight refreshment, which was however hardly tasted, they got into an hackney coach, and proceeded to the place whither Montgomery directed them.

The unhappy father was silent the whole time, trying to prepare his mind for a meeting with a son whom he at once condemned and pitied, and whom he felt disposed to reproach with anger and to embrace with tears; but he could acquire no fortitude; and his heart sunk within him when he reflected that he was now going to visit, in imprisonment and in disgrace, him who had been the darling of his mother's heart, who had been blessed by nature with every perfection of person and understanding, and adorned with every advantage of education which expence could procure; but who, wanting only steadiness and principle,

ciple, was the misery instead of the blessing of his father, the disgrace instead of the pride and the protector of his sister.

These tormenting thoughts deprived him of all resolution. Ethelinde, whose hand was grasped in his as he sat by her, felt it's convulsive pressure, and heard his deep and heavy sighs; but knowing too well that she had no consolation to offer, she remained silent, yet repressing her tears, which if they once began to flow would she knew serve only to encrease his distress, and rob her of the strength that was necessary to support them both through the scene they were entering upon.

Montgomery, suffering both for them and the poor young man who had occasioned their unhappiness, was equally silent and dejected 'till they got within a few yards of the door; and then he said to Colonel Chesterville—"My dear Colonel, we are now near the melancholy confinement of your son; let me entreat you to meet him without any appearance of anger

and resentment; they may drive him to despair, but can remedy nothing. Think only how you may shorten or end his distress, and I will venture to say your generous forgiveness for the past will have more influence on his future conduct than the sharpest reproaches."

"I will do all I can," said Colonel Chesterville, with a deep sigh. The coach by that time stopped. Ethelinde trembled, and inclined towards her father, in terror of the dismal looking mansion, lighted by a distant lamp. Montgomery, who perceived every sensation of her heart, besought her to be composed; and saying he would go up first to apprise young Chesterville of their visit, he opened the coach door and leaped out.

On rapping at the door of the house, a fierce and hideous figure appeared, demanding his business. He answered that he must speak with Captain Chesterville. "I don't believe," answered the man in a surly tone, "that there is any such Captain here; but
you

you may go in and speak to my master." Montgomery then disappeared. The bailiff's follower still stood at the door; and in trembling and breathless suspense the unhappy father and daughter remained three or four minutes.

Montgomery then returned to them; but instead of assisting them into the house, he put his hand on the coach door, hesitated a moment, and then said, in a faltering voice—"Be not alarmed—but—"

"But what?" exclaimed Colonel Cherterville in an agony.

"My poor friend is removed from hence."

"Whither?"

"To the King's Bench prison."

"And why? Good God! did you not say that you were secure of his remaining here till my arrival?"

"I hoped I was; but other circumstances have intervened that I did not foresee or apprehend. The hazard became too great for these people to run."

“Larger debts then came in?”

“Alas! yes; and they carried him from hence yesterday evening.”

Momentarily stunned by this blow, Chesterville now recovered himself enough to say—“Well, my dear Sir, what is to be done?”

“We must immediately go thither,” said Montgomery, “if we would see him to night; for I understand by the people here that after a certain time we cannot be admitted within the prison walls.”

“Prison walls!” cried Ethelinde, hardly knowing what she said. “Oh God! my brother! my dear, dear Harry!”

“We will go however,” said her father, with some degree of calmness. “We will go. Get into the coach, Montgomery. Oh Ethelinde! what scenes are these for you!”

Ethelinde could not speak; Montgomery stepped into the coach, and they directed the man who drove it to proceed as fast as possible to the prison.

On

On their way they were all silent. The faculties of Colonel Chesterville were absorbed in the greatness of a calamity that now seemed without remedy; his spirits, which under any other pressure than that occasioned by the misfortunes of his children would have been tolerably supported, now sunk at once; and the man who had so often seen, with an equal eye and an undaunted heart, death in all its most terrible forms; who had bled in Germany amid fatigue, alarm and famine; who had traversed the desolate wilds of America, and beheld with firmness the savage scenes of slaughter from which humanity recoils; shrunk in despondence and dismay from the spectacle of the confinement and degradation of him from whom he had hoped for the reward of his parental tenderness, and the consolation of his declining age.

Ethelinde, trembling, and sick at heart as she was, attended less to her own sensations than the agonies of her father. When the coach stopped at the door, she heard

him gasp for breath; she felt his hand tremble as he held hers; he tried to speak to Montgomery but could not. Montgomery however understood him, and went into a place called the lobby of the prison, where two or three turnkeys stand to admit the persons who enter. The first man he spoke to, told him that in less than half an hour the doors would be shut. Montgomery hastened back to the coach with this intelligence, and proposed that he only should see young Chesterville that night, and inform him of the intention of his father and sister for the morrow. "No," cried the Colonel, in a faltering voice; "no; I will see him if it be but for a moment." He then made an attempt to open the coach door, but could not. Montgomery assisting him, he at length left the coach; and Montgomery lifted Ethelinde out in his arms, and as he yet held her there, he said in a low whisper—"For God's sake recollect and support your own fortitude, in mercy to your father, to poor Harry,

Harry,

Harry, and, if I may say so, to your Montgomery!"

"I will endeavour to have courage," replied the trembling Ethelinde; "but this is very terrible."

They by this time had ascended the steps, and were in the first entrance. The fierce and stern faces of the keepers who filled it, the noise of riot and wrangling from other figures, who were by the gloomy light discovered among them, all gave a new shock to the unhappy party. Ethelinde, who leaned on her father, found him hardly able to support her or even himself; and as the men who surrounded her looked with inquisitive and attentive eyes into her face, she was terrified, and eagerly caught the arm of Montgomery, who was a little before her. — He put his arm round her. — "Be not frightened," said he, as he assisted her down the steps which lead into the area of the prison, "you are safe."

They now proceeded across the space in

which the dwellings of the imprisoned are built. The night was cold and wet; the rain, or rather an heavy fog, fell murky and gloomy on a few wretched looking persons who were carrying their scanty suppers from the places where they had been making their melancholy market; yet in the place where liquor is sold, the voice of merriment and even of riot was heard, that aggravated rather than relieved the dismal appearance of the wide court; which, as it was extremely dirty, Ethelinde did not traverse without being wet quite through her feet; her hat too was wet, her hair hung negligently over her face; her complexion was wan, and her eyes swollen with tears. Yet still was she lovely and interesting; and in all these appearances of grief and languor, Montgomery not only saw the power of expressive and delicate beauty, which ornament can do little in heightening, but beheld new instances of what he more fondly adored,

adored—her sensibility and tenderness of heart.

The Colonel, who could not shed tears, who could not complain, but whose soul was saddened as by the stroke of death, ascended the dark stone stairs first; Montgomery supporting Ethelinde, who was compelled to stop several times as they went up. At length, after mounting two flights of stairs, they arrived at the place whither Montgomery had been directed; and having found the number on the door of the room which they were told young Chesterville inhabited, he tapped at it.

It was opened, without any question, by young Chesterville himself; and the first figure he beheld there was his father.

Unable to speak to him, he flew back. "Oh, Harry!" cried the unhappy man as he leaned against the side of the door. He could articulate no more; and Ethelinde, rushing by him, threw her arms round her brother, and fell into a violent passion of tears.

Montgomery, who alone preserved any

presence of mind, and who beheld with deep concern the still and speechless sorrow which sat on the countenance of the agonized father, took his arm and led him in—"Come, dearest Sir," cried he, "be composed; be calm. You see Chesterville is well; you are sure of soon seeing him in an happier situation. Sit down, and tranquillize your spirit."

"I will," said the Colonel, sighing as if from the bottom of his heart, "I will!" Montgomery, having seated him, went to Ethelinde, who still hung weeping on her brother.—"I beseech you," said he, as he took her hand, "I implore you not to give way to this immoderate grief. My dear Harry, speak to your father."

Montgomery then disengaged Ethelinde from him, and sat down by her on a little tent bed which was in the room. Colonel Chesterville spoke not: he looked on his son "more in sorrow than in anger." Young Chesterville, whose high spirit had been shocked and abashed by the sudden appearance

pearance of his father, and the violent agitation of his sister, now seemed to recover some degree of resolution. He advanced a step or two towards his father; but his eyes were fixed on the ground, and he said nothing; while a crimson glow, arising from the mixed sensations of shame, pride, and remorse, was on his cheeks. His dark auburn hair was undressed, unpowdered, and hung loosely over his face, and he wore a long military great coat over a white waistcoat; his whole appearance indicating that kind of neglect which is the effect of hopeless despondence. A moment he stood hesitating whether to deprecate the anger he merited by imploring pardon, or evade it by escaping from the room. His pride prevented his doing the one, his remaining tenderness for his father the other; yet he dared not meet his eyes, and he knew not how to speak. While he yet underwent this struggle of contending passions, Chesterville, whose eyes were mournfully fixed on his figure,

was

was struck with the resemblance he at that moment bore to his mother. At her idea, at the idea of her son in prison and in poverty, a flood of grief and tenderness overwhelmed him; and forgetting for a moment that his son had been the author of his own misfortunes, he caught his hand with an eagerness like phrenzy, and carrying it to his eyes, he burst into tears.—“Oh! my boy! my poor boy!” cried he, deeply sobbing; “my lost, unhappy Harry!”

Young Chesterville, proud and violent as he was, could not bear this; he threw himself on his knees before his father, and in an hurried and inarticulate voice said—“I do not ask you, Sir, to forgive me, because—because—I know you cannot—you ought not!”

“He will forgive you,” exclaimed Ethelinde; who disengaging herself from Montgomery was in an instant kneeling by him; “your father will forgive you, my dear brother; and your Ethelinde will
join

join in imploring him to pardon you, and to spare himself."

Neither the father nor the suppliants now knew any longer what they said. Agitated beyond all power of recollection, Colonel Chesterville could only give way to the deep groans which seemed to swell his heart even to bursting; and his son, throwing his arms round his sister as she still knelt by him, cried—"No, I deserve not your affection, dearest and most generous girl! I deserve to be deserted—to be detested. Agonize me not thus by the sight of sorrow which I am not worthy to excite, but attend to your own health; and let the daughter be a blessing, a comfort to him, who has reason to curse the hour that gave him a son!"

"I do not curse you," said the Colonel: falteringly and feebly he spoke. "No, Harry, you have broken my heart, but I bless you still! Still dear to that heart is the son of the woman I adored."

"Curse me rather! A thousand times better

better could I bear to hear you execrate my name than to see you thus," cried young Chesterville, starting up in the wildest phrenzy. "Fool! villain! monster! parricide that I am! I will not live to bear this! Leave me!" shrieked he in the most furious tone, stamping and striking his forehead with his hand; "leave me this instant! for I am mad! I am tormented! more tormented than the damned! and I cannot answer for myself!"

Montgomery had, during the former part of the scene, in sympathizing solicitude hung over Ethelinde as she knelt on the ground. She still remained there, leaning her head on her father's knee, while the paroxysm of passion which had seized her brother redoubled her sobs, and converted the softening grief of her father into horror. Montgomery, trembling for its effect, seized young Chesterville's arms as he seemed attempting to dash himself to pieces, and saying, without meaning at that moment, a dramatic quotation,

"are

"are you a man?" he forced him to forbear these frantic actions and to hear him; though he yet struggled to disengage himself, and said, in a convulsed voice——

"Leave me, Montgomery! Unhand me, Sir! D——n! am I to be fettered like a boy? Go, Sir! I disclaim your officious friendship, and will be master of my life!"

"Be rather master of your reason, Chesterville. Is it manly thus to alarm your sister, thus to aggravate the concern of your father? Surely it is as inhuman as it is absurd. You know, you must see, that he came not to reproach nor to distress you, but to labour for your release. It is so late that he can stay but a moment. Recollect yourself; and add not thus to concern which you see annihilates his faculties, and will shake his frame perhaps to its destruction, if you are not more rational."

"Will it?" cried young Chesterville, staring wildly at his friendly monitor;—

"Do you think it will? Then it were better

better for me to go to sleep and not know it. Why should I live? Am I not a curse to him?—am I not a fool who against conviction have trespassed, till I am sunk into an abyss myself, but whither it would be infamous to drag my father and Ethelinde? No! no!” continued he, shaking his head with a wild and convulsive motion, “I can bear any thing myself—But they—they must forget me!”

“They cannot forget—they came to help you.”

“They *cannot* help—they must forget me!” quickly answered Chesterville, starting away from Montgomery and stepping to his father: then suddenly assuming a graver and more composed tone—“Sir,” said he, “I thank you for coming to me: but it hurts you—it hurts my poor Ethy here”—(he took her hand)—“and it can be of no use—for nobody can do me any good. Leave me, Sir, to my destiny, and think only of your daughter. It is late. You seem not well. I have behaved
with

with such premeditated folly that I deserve to be abandoned. You know not the extent of my headlong infatuation. It is too late to recede: I must go on and finish here (for I can never be released) a life which I am sorry you ever gave me!"

"Almighty God!" cried Colonel Chertville, whom this speech distressed more than his most extravagant transports—"what do you mean?" Then rising and embracing his son as he stood before him, he cried—"Harry! I forgive you—forgive you every thing! All I have, all I can command, is yours! Sir Edward Newenden will assist me. We will labour, we will accomplish your release: and with my soothing Ethelinde, with my repentant, my ever dear Harry, I will contentedly leave England, and go where, if we cannot enjoy the luxuries of the world, we shall at least escape the contagion of that example, which only, and not his own disposition, has misled my son."

"You are very good, Sir—very good,"
said

said young Chesterville, quitting his father's arms and walking with an hurried step to the other end of his small apartment; "but I neither deserve it nor can it avail me. I owe more, much more than you possess. I do indeed. My honour itself is forfeited; for I have contracted debts of honour which I can never pay. I never can appear again. I am disgraced; I am undone. There is but one step left for me to take. Reconcile yourself to it, and forget that you ever had a son. Oblivion—long, long, eternal oblivion is best—it is best for us all!"

He sat, as he said this, on the bed, and tried to speak calmly; but his words seemed often stopped in his throat. Ethelinde, who leaned on the chair from whence her father had risen, had, while he spoke, been raised by Montgomery; and quite exhausted by grief and terror, she was unable to support herself; but reclining on his bosom, was sustained by his arms, which were thrown round her. The fright-
ful

ful idea of suicide, which all that her brother said served to impress, froze her blood with terror. But she could only sigh; she could not speak. The fatigue of a long journey operated with the anguish of her soul to render her listless and almost senseless: yet the calm, the manly spirit of Montgomery, his ardent love, his disinterested friendship, were present to her. They shed one ray of hope on the gloomy horror of all around her, and saved her from sinking into despair equal to that of her brother.

Colonel Chesterville, who grew every moment more wretched, now made an effort to reason with his son. "Let me know, my dear Harry," cried he, "the extent, then, of your indiscretion. I have, on the friendship of Sir Edward Newenden, the strongest reliance. I have other friends, who will, perhaps, assist me. Matters may be mitigated with your creditors. Means may be found to soften some of them—to pay others."

"Impos-

“Impossible! Impossible! I have nothing to hope! I have a weight here,” (pressing both his hands on his heart,) which nothing—no, nothing can remove! Hark! there is the bell which summonses strangers to depart. Go, my dear Sir, go, or the gates will be shut. To-morrow Montgomery will come to me, and we will talk farther of these things, and he will let you know. Come Ethelinde,” continued he, approaching his sister and taking both her hands, which he eagerly grasped, “rise and leave me. Montgomery and my father are going. I will not have you come here again. This is no place for my sister. So God bless you, dear Ethy; good night to you. Montgomery, you will be so good as to go to night with my father and sister; and come to me, Montgomery! come again to-morrow!”

There was a breathless impatience in his voice, a wild anxiety in his eyes, while he thus spoke, that redoubled the terrors and apprehensions of his auditors. They were all,

all, however, silent, till a rap at the door obliged Montgomery to rise and open it. A squalid and unhappy looking man entered, and said to young Chesterville—"an please you Captain, the last bell has gone, and your honour's friends will be shut in."

"There, there," cried he, as if solicitous to avail himself of this intelligence, "I told you so. My dear Sir," addressing himself to his father, "you will be much inconvenienced, indeed you will, if you do not instantly rise and go. Come, come, be quick, pray do. Run, Gilham," said he to the man who yet remained at the door, "run down to the turnkey and beg two minutes, or it will be even now too late."

"If I never go from hence at all," said Colonel Chesterville sternly and resolutely, "I will not quit you while you are in such a temper of mind."

"Nor will I," said Ethelinde, in a faint yet determined voice.

"You must, you must," replied her brother,

brother, speaking with yet more hurry. "There are no beds here for you; I have hardly one even fit for my father to repose upon. You must neither of you, you shall neither of you stay."

"I will stay with him, my dear Sir," said Montgomery, addressing himself eagerly to the Colonel, "and do pray hasten hence with your daughter."

"*You* stay with me? for what? Indeed I have no room for you, nor any desire for a companion. I am best alone—I *will* be alone!"

"No, Chesterville," said Montgomery, bearing with the most patient calmness the seeming rudeness of his friend;—"no, Chesterville, you are not fit to be alone, and I will sit by you all night."

"It is very strange, Sir," exclaimed Chesterville with an oath, "that you will think of intruding thus upon me. Curse me if you shall stay!"

Ethelinde, now almost dead with terror, and fearing that Montgomery would not keep

keep his temper when thus provoked by obstinate ingratitude, pressed his hand, and said in a whisper—"Oh, Montgomery! bear with him, forgive him, he knows not what he says, he is not himself!"

"Be satisfied that I cannot resent anything he says now," answered the noble minded young man, pressing her hand to his lips; "but at all events he must not be left."

"You will not refuse to let me remain here however," said his father, looking at him with eyes where fear and affection were mingled; "you will not turn your father out of your room?"

"No, Sir; no;" replied young Chester-ville, "I certainly cannot; but wherefore stay? to what purpose?"

"Simply because it is my pleasure—let that satisfy you."

"And my sister, Sir—what is to become of my sister?"

"Your sister will, I am persuaded, be in safe and honourable hands." Then turning

turning to Montgomery, he said—"Montgomery, I commit her to your protection; and let it convince you that I know the nobleness of your soul when I confide to you the last hope of mine. Take care of my daughter to the hotel we left; protect her there to night; early to-morrow come to me here, and we can then judge better of what is to be done. Good night, dearest Ethelinde! in the care of Montgomery, in your own purity, in the protection of heaven, you are safe."

"I will as religiously watch over her," said Montgomery, "as if she were my orphan sister. Chesterville," added he, applying to her brother, "your father gives me a sacred deposit, which I will to-morrow restore to his guardianship, and I expect that you will not, by your ungovernable and useless passions, disable him from undertaking it." The man who had before appeared, now entered hastily to say that the turnkeys were actually barring up the doors; and Ethelinde,

kissing

kissing her father's hand in breathless agitation, and then that of her brother, was hurried down the stairs by Montgomery. They arrived just as the last door was about to be irrevocably closed. Montgomery, taking some silver from his pocket, prevailed on the turnkey not only to facilitate the opening of the outward one, but to assist them with a light to the hackney coach that yet waited; in which having placed the breathless and frightened Ethelinde, he seated himself by her, and ordered it to be driven to the Adelphi hotel.

Ethelinde, during the incoherent and hurried dialogue which had passed relative to their departure, had no time to oppose the proposal her father made of sending her away with Montgomery; nor had opportunity been allowed her, would she have done it; since to have expressed any objections would have been to acknowledge that she mistrusted either him or herself. In truth she did neither; yet to be consigned at such a time in the evening,

and in such a conveyance, to the care of so young a man, and to have no place to receive her but a public hotel, struck her as a great impropriety; and the cruel situation she was reduced to, anxiety for her father, and fear for her unhappy brother, added to all the fatigue and all the alarming circumstances she had encountered within the last six and thirty hours, quite overwhelmed her; and hardly could she sit up in the coach, hardly in a low voice answer the tender but most respectful enquiries of Montgomery; who, now they were alone, would not even touch her hand, least it should appear as if he took advantage of her situation, and of the confidence by which she and her father had honoured him; but with the most acute pain he remarked the excessive dejection of his lovely, his adored charge; tried with anxious solicitude to soothe and reassure her; and having, on their arrival at the hotel, prevailed on her to take some refreshment, he was gratified on
seeing

seeing her retire for the night in rather better spirits than, from the occurrences of the evening, he dared flatter himself with expecting.

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CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Ethelinde was alone in the apartment prepared for her, she found herself too much tired to recall with clearness the transactions of the day. A confused but acutely painful recollection rested on her mind; the soothing idea of Montgomery's love and protection only tranquilizing in some degree the tumult of her spirits and the anguish of her heart. Secure that no new evil could for that night befall her brother, she courted a transient but welcome forgetfulness, and at length sunk into repose; which, though not unbroken by the fearful though half retraced images of the preceding day, yet refreshed and relieved her; and when she awoke the next morning, she thought, that supported by the tender friendship of Montgomery, and firm in the consciousness of innocence

and

and rectitude, she should have resolution enough to endure with serenity the bitterest destiny that might await her, if it affected not the lives and health of Montgomery, of her father, of her brother, and of Sir Edward Newenden, for of the latter she ever retained the tenderest recollection with the truest gratitude.

She believed that any other calamity, she could meet, not merely with courage but with cheerfulness. Never having flattered herself with any sanguine hopes of being united to the only man whom she ever could love, she fancied that the cruel change in her situation would make no other alteration in regard to him, than as it called forth all the nobleness of his nature, it increased her attachment without raising her hopes. Every other establishment but that which she might in happier circumstances have shared with him, would be not only indifferent but hateful to her; she had nothing therefore to regret in the certainty, as she believed, that she should

never marry; and to alleviate the misery of imprisonment to her brother, or to sacrifice every thing she actually possessed, and every future advantage, to release him from it, seemed so much her duty and was so truly her inclination, that she did not think the determination to do both any sacrifice; and she felt that having done so, she could submit to any mode of life which, while it supported her father and her brother, might not degrade her in the opinion of Montgomery.

She met him at breakfast, with more composure than she had apparently possessed since they left Bristol; yet she was rather languidly resigned than certainly calm; rather endeavouring to acquire fortitude than having obtained it.

Montgomery felt the ardour of his attachment to her every moment encrease; he saw, with the most poignant regret, that her constitution was unequal to the temporary strength of mind that the ardour of her affections lent her; and while he looked
despond-

despondently towards what she had to encounter, and saw only bitterness and anguish in store for her, he dreaded least its pressure should destroy so soft a frame and so tender an heart.

He feared to give her hopes which he felt not himself, lest disappointment should be embittered; yet he attempted to appear cheerful, and affected to talk of present calamities as dark clouds which would probably be dispersed. But Ethelinde saw that he thought not so sanguinely as he spoke; yet afraid of enquiring into the extent of his fears, she said little, and seemed solicitous only to preserve her resolution and firmness, that she might neither dissolve into tears, or by any other indulgence of sorrow give a new reproach to her brother, or another pang to her father.

When their breakfast was finished, Ethelinde expressed her impatience to return to the melancholy confinement where they were; and Montgomery, ever attentive to
 D 4 her

her comfort, as well as the propriety of her situation, then asked her, (not without hesitation) whether it would not be better to pay the people at the hotel, and that evening to place herself in a lodging?

Ethelinde, ignorant of his reasons, but concluding them just, desired he would act as he thought right. He paid the bill therefore, and about ten o'clock they departed together in an hackney coach.

Still shuddering at the prospect of a prison, Ethelinde readily accepted the arm of Montgomery; and more dismayed if possible than the evening before, she, with his assistance, reached the room inhabited by her brother. On its being opened, she eagerly approached her father, whose figure first struck her—pale, languid, and faint, sitting at a little deal table, on which he rested the arm that supported his head. Her brother, who had opened the door, looked less dejected, but more wild and unsettled. His eyes betrayed the total want of sleep; his manner was abrupt and dis-

disturbed; and all his features seemed inflamed with that sharp despair which corrodes and irritates a young, ardent, and proud spirit, unused to misfortune, and conscious of having merited the misery it cannot resolve to sustain.

Ethelinde approached her father with quickness. He held out his hand to her. "My dear child!" said he as she kissed it, while tears fell from her eyes—"my dear Ethelinde!" She would have asked him how he did; but her voice failed, and afraid of affecting him too much, she suppressed her sobs, wiped away her tears, and sat down.

Montgomery, my friend," said Colonel Chesterville, "Harry would speak to you." The two young men went down together, and Ethelinde and her father remained alone.

As soon as the door was shut, he seemed trying to assume courage to speak. He sighed deeply; and then, after a long pause, said—"My daughter! the extent

of our misfortune is greater than I could have supposed! We are utterly ruined! My child—thy father, thy brother, have undone thee!——Ethelinde is a beggar!”

There was a sad solemnity in his manner which made her tremble. She would have said—“Never can your daughter repine at her fate, whatever that fate may be, while she is rich in your tenderness and safe in your protection;” but she could only pronounce inarticulate sounds; she murmured rather than spoke; and her father, in a voice now steady through forced resolution, now faltering from the bitterness of his reflections, went on.—“To extricate your unfortunate brother is impossible; I therefore must share his prison. Had his debts amounted only to what I could have raised by the sale of my commission, by what else I can otherwise dispose of, and by the loan offered me by Sir Edward Newenden, he might have been released; and though deprived of every thing, I could, I believe, have lived for you.”

“And

“And you will live for me now Sir!” cried Ethelinde. “Oh! talk not of leaving me! While you are with me I fear not poverty!”

“Ah! dearest girl! you have never tasted its bitterness; and there was a time,” continued he, sobbing, “when it was very unlikely you ever should!” He stopped; deep groans impeded his utterance; yet he could not weep, but his face was convulsed by the passions contending in his soul. “Yet a little—a very little—and I shall probably be at rest. Ethelinde—it is for you only I wished to live; for you—had it been to secure your happiness—I could have been content to die! But to leave you, lonely and defenceless as you are, in such a world!—is a prospect so insupportable to me, that it renders dreadful the approach of dissolution, and makes me die a coward!”

“For God’s sake, my dearest father,” said Ethelinde, grasping his trembling hands,

hands, "have pity upon me, and do not talk so!"

"I thought I could have prepared you," answered he, "for what is, I feel, inevitable. Ethelinde, my heart is broke—quite broke! Against every thing else I *could* have struggled, but this stroke is decisive."

"I hope, dearest Sir," said Ethelinde, in a weak and faltering voice, "I hope that your uneasiness prompts you to see things in the worst light; Sir Edward Newenden's friendship——"

"Be not deceived, my child; with groundless hopes; Harry owes four thousand pounds more than I can by any means raise, even taking advantage of the letter Sir Edward has given me on his banker. I will perish here myself rather than make a farther demand on his generous friendship."

"Let me write to him, Sir," cried Ethelinde; "I am sure he will do any thing
for

for you; his fortune is large; his spirit yet more noble than his fortune."

"And shall I therefore tax it so heavily? and for what?—to pay the extravagance of a gamester? God forbid! Sir Edward's fortune, brought to him by his wife, is the property of his children, and ought to be sacred. I am already deeply—too deeply indebted to him; and I charge you, my child, think not of applying to him. For a few days, while the temper of Harry's mind remains what it now is, can my Ethelinde submit to remain near this place with her father, to watch over the hours of a brother, whose hand seems every moment armed against his own life? I intend to procure a lodging in the immediate neighbourhood if my Ethelinde does not object to it."

"Is it possible, Sir, you can suppose that I will not with avidity attend you wheresoever you may be? Ah! do more justice to the heart of your daughter; and believe

believe that her life is devoted to you and the dear unfortunate Harry."

"Goodness and generosity were ever thine, my angel," cried her father, tenderly wrapping his arms round her; "oh! what a destiny is that which is likely to be the lot of excellence almost beyond humanity!" He now for the first time for many hours was softened into tears. They seemed to give great relief to his swollen and oppressed heart; and having indulged them for some moments in the arms of his daughter, he became more calm; and though his countenance yet bore an expression that terrified Ethelinde, yet she was somewhat comforted to find that the darkness of his despair a little abated; and by the time Montgomery and her brother returned, he had collected himself enough to talk with some composure of the immediate regulations necessary for fixing him and his daughter in the neighbourhood of his son's confinement.

It was then settled that Montgomery should

should go in search of a proper lodging, whither they should remove in the afternoon. When he was gone, young Chesterville went away also under pretence of ordering a dinner for them; but he remained absent much longer than it could be necessary to do on that account, being unable to bear the mournful though tender looks of a sister he had injured, and of a father in whose breast he had planted a dagger never to be withdrawn; but who yet, much as he had learnt, knew not the most painful and insupportable of those tortures which corroded the bosom of his son—tortures with which he had but just acquired courage to entrust Montgomery. In about an hour Montgomery returned; and young Chesterville, who watched for his entrance, went up to the room with him. The Colonel had remained silent almost the whole time they were absent; and Ethelinde, having nothing to offer likely to give him comfort, had been trying to argue herself into that state of calm composure

posure and chearful fortitude which was the most likely to prevent his feeling on her account aggravated pain.

A melancholy dinner now passed, at which none of the parties had either conversation or appetite. Ethelinde however exerted herself in the hope of prevailing on her father to eat; and Montgomery spoke with some degree of chearfulness, in that of sustaining her spirits. The Colonel, to gratify his daughter, attempted to swallow what she put on his plate; but after a fruitless effort or two, sent it away; while his son now eat eagerly for a few minutes, then suddenly starting up, filled a tumbler of wine, and drank it; after a moment, in which he seemed totally lost in reflection, he again rose from table, and brought wine to his father, to his sister, and to Montgomery; and affecting to laugh at his own absence, the laugh was so convulsive that it made Ethelinde shudder. He poured out for himself a second bumper, and drank it as eagerly as before.

Ethelinde,

Ethelinde, who could read in the eyes of Montgomery all his thoughts, now looked earnestly at him and saw but too plainly that he beheld her brother's behaviour with concern and even terror. Their repast being at an end, Montgomery said—"Miss Chesterville, I take the liberty of recommending it to you and the Colonel to go to your lodgings before it grows late. The night is wet and stormy; it seems likely to become worse; the walk across this place is always inconvenient; let me therefore have the happiness of seeing you safe out of it before it is dark."

"Yes," said the Colonel. "Go first, Ethelinde. Mr. Montgomery will conduct you, and I will stay with Harry till he comes back."

Ethelinde now therefore tenderly took leave of her brother, and Montgomery attended her, defending her by an umbrella from the rain as well as he could, to a small but decent lodging in the Borough. He there gave orders for every thing that he thought

thought would contribute to her accommodation; and having seen her safely seated by a good fire, and having received her promise that she would attend to her own health, he imprinted on the hand she gave him, a kiss that seemed to repay him a thousand times for all the trouble he was engaged in; and then returned to her father and her brother.

He found the former more deeply dejected than ever; but Harry Chesterville had by this time drank so much and so rapidly of wine, probably not very pure, that he was no longer master of his reason; and was in a vehement and almost frantic manner discoursing to his father of the right which he affirmed every man of spirit possessed and ought to exercise, of shooting himself through the head when life became unpleasant to him.

The poor Colonel, who, had his son been in a situation to hear reason, had no spirits to reason with him, surveyed him with looks of silent terror; while tears, extorted

by

by the memory of his mother, rolled slowly from his eyes. He seemed glad of the return of Montgomery; and rising immediately, he wrung the hand of his son, and said—"Go, Harry—go to bed and recover yourself; you are only wounding me and yourself more deeply." Then the reflection of where he was about to leave this unhappy, still most beloved son, stung him with insupportable sharpness, and his tears were not to be restrained.

Montgomery had dreaded more from the petrifying and immovable grief which the first shock had occasioned, than from these softer emotions; he was therefore glad to see him able to indulge them; and consigning him to the care of the runners who waited on young Chester ville, that he might be conducted to his lodgings, he returned back, at the earnest request of the father, to attempt to tranquillize the son.

"Well, my friend!" said he eagerly, as soon as Montgomery entered the room, "and now you will go in search of Victorine?"

torine? She is by this time in town. I am mad, by heaven, till I hear of her, till I see her, till I have her in my arms."

"Mad you certainly are, my friend; so mad indeed that I do not think you in a condition to be left to yourself."

"Not left to myself!" exclaimed Chesterville. "What do you mean by that? Do you intend poorly to fly from your word? Do you mean to refuse going to her? Would you drive me mad indeed, and compel me to shoot the keepers of this damned place rather than not force my way to her myself?"

"This is extreme folly, Chesterville," said Montgomery; "folly, which nothing but your situation can excuse. If *you* will go to bed quietly, *I* will go to the place you have named, and will enquire for the person about whom you are so anxious; but be not, I beseech you, so impetuous, and if she is not yet come, as may very probably be the case, do not therefore

give

give yourself to the devil, or threaten to cut my throat."

"Forgive me, my dear fellow," cried Chesterville. "Pray make allowances. I have been all day enduring the tortures of the damned; and I have drank to forget them till I have forgot myself."

"I am glad," rejoined Montgomery, "that you are conscious of your condition. I wish, however, you had not got into it, as it has served to render your father more uneasy."

"Has it?" said Chesterville. "Upon my soul I am sorry; I do not mean to hurt him; but this girl, this dear deserted girl has occupied my whole heart, and I believe my senses will go quite if I do not hear of her."

Montgomery, who felt himself the excess of that passion which tore the bosom of his unhappy friend, promised, now he became more rational, to go out in search of the object of his solicitude; but Chesterville, who now found his head ache violently,

violently, and his pulse beating as if his veins would burst, was first prevailed upon to go to his bed. Montgomery then removed every thing by which he could injure himself if a violent paroxysm of passion, aided by intoxication, should return; and having desired the man who waited on Chesterville to give some attention to him, he sat out on a new undertaking of knight errantry, in search of a distressed damsel.

Colonel Chesterville, in the mean time extremely hurt by the wild conversation and indiscreet intoxication of his son, felt every moment's reflection on the present situation of his children encrease the anguish of his mind and diminish the strength of his body. Cold shiverings succeeded each other; he complained that his head seemed to have irons passed round it; and no common remedies gave him any relief. Ethelinde persuaded him however to send for an apothecary; who having understood from her that
long

long fatigue and extreme anxiety had preceded the complaint, sent him a composing medicine; and Ethelinde, after sitting two hours by his bed, had then the comfort to find by his breathing that he was asleep. At first his rest was interrupted by sobs and groans; but at length he seemed to enjoy calmer slumber; and Ethelinde, quitting softly the side of his bed, retired to her own; where composing herself to rest, since now she knew as she believed the worst, her mind was soothed by the fond image of Montgomery—an image which, with her reliance on heaven, rendered her able to sustain her many and unmerited sorrows.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

Montgomery was directed by young Chesterville to the house of a person who let lodgings near the Haymarket; where he was to enquire for a lady lately arrived from abroad, by the name of Madame de Lerida. He was told that such a lady had come to town two days before;—"and you Sir," said the woman of the house, are I suppose the young gentleman she expected, and has been so uneasy about? Poor gentlewoman, she speaks hardly any English." Montgomery followed the woman of the house, who went up stairs as she said this, and opening the door of a small dining room, cried—"Here, Ma'am; here's the young Captain come at last." She retired; and Montgomery advancing a step or two, beheld, approaching eagerly towards him, a young and very lovely

lovely woman, who, on perceiving it was a stranger and not him whom she expected, started back, and threw herself into her chair in evident terror and dismay. Montgomery, who guessed instantly that he had been mistaken for Chesterville, approached her, and said in French—"Be not alarmed, Madam, that a stranger addresses you instead of Mr. Chesterville. It is at his desire that I have the honour of waiting on you."

Reassured by hearing that he came from Chesterville and by his manner and voice, the fair stranger now ventured, though tremulously, to enquire why Chesterville came not himself! "Alas!" said she, "he promised to be here to receive me; but I found him not; and two long, long days have I waited for him!—yet even now I do not see him!"

Montgomery knew not what to answer. From her languid looks, and the anxious and trembling solicitude with which she enquired after him, he thought her by no

means in a situation to be told abruptly of the distress and imprisonment of her lover : yet to impute his absence to illness would probably be more alarming to her tenderness ; and if he suffered her to believe it owing to neglect or inattention, it would possibly wound her still more cruelly. Hesitating and alarmed, yet unable to decide on what was best to be done, Montgomery at length said—"The reason you do not see him is, that his father is at present in town, and he feared——"

"He feared !" exclaimed the beautiful foreigner—"Wherefore did he fear ? Did he not promise that I should be received by his father—by his sister—and his family—and has he already forgotten that I have hazarded all for him ?"

"Believe me, Madam," said Montgomery, yet more distressed by the earnestness of her manner and the tears which filled her fine dark eyes—"believe me you will have no reason to complain of my friend. He loves you with the truest affection ; and

I have

I have seen him almost distracted at not being able to come to you to night. Would I could explain to you the barriers which force him to remain at a distance; but believe me upon my honour they are not imputable to him; and in a day or two——”

“A day or two! Can he then yet leave me a day or two in this situation?”

“I hope he will not be compelled to do it.”

“Oh! my God! there is certainly something extraordinary in this. Are you, Sir, his relation?”

“No Madam, but I am his friend; and as such I do most earnestly conjure you, for his sake and for your own, to tranquilize your spirit, in the assurance that Cherterville will soon be with you and satisfy all your apprehensions.”

“But when?” cried she eagerly and apprehensively. “He promised to receive me, to protect me here. He has broken his word. How shall I trust to

him again? Surely Sir"—and she fixed her penetrating eyes on those of Montgomery,—"surely there is in this something more than I am to know; for unless Henry is greatly changed, it must be sickness or death only that I think could keep him from me: or if he were even on the bed of sickness, would it not be Victorine who should soften his sufferings, and soothe him with affection and pity?" Tears now streamed down her cheeks; she seized eagerly the hand of Montgomery, crying in an animated tone—"Sir, you seem to have an heart, such as the friend of my Chesterville should possess; tell me then, I conjure you tell me, and relieve me from this insupportable suspense—where is Chesterville?—and what has befallen him?"

Montgomery now saw that to keep her longer in this tormenting uncertainty would be equally cruel and useless; he therefore told her, softening the matter as much as he could, that Chesterville had unfortunately been indiscreet and thoughtless,

less, and before his last departure for Gibraltar, had contracted some debts, which being unable to discharge immediately, he had been arrested, and was now imprisoned.

It was some time before he could make her comprehend the terms he used: for having been educated in a convent, she knew nothing of the customs or manners of the world; and found it difficult to understand that among a people piqueing themselves on their liberty, it was the custom to shut a man up in perpetual confinement, to enable him to pay his debts. At length, however, the nature of Chesterville's situation being explained to her, she melted into tears; which Montgomery, glad to see her weep, would not endeavour to stop. But when she had a few moments indulged them, she checked their course; and said to Montgomery, with sudden vivacity—
 “Well Sir! since it is so—since my unfortunate Chesterville cannot come to me,

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have the goodness to shew me the way to his confinement?"

"Not to night, surely," said Montgomery, much alarmed at the quickness of her manner—"You will not, Madam, think of going to-night?"

"And why not to-night? Wherefore should I lose a moment? Come, I will now immediately prepare myself." She then arose to fetch a cloak; but Montgomery taking again her hand, and soothing her with the most friendly pity, at length persuaded her, though not till it had cost her many tears, of the impossibility of her executing her purpose that evening. She then reluctantly relinquished it; but extorted from Montgomery a solemn promise that he would at an early hour the next day come to her, in order to convey her to her lover.

He then took leave of her; penetrated with concern for her situation and with admiration of her beauty and sensibility. He yet only knew that she was a native of the
West

West Indies, but had been educated in a convent in Spain, where she had some relations; from whose house Chesterville had taken her in his way from Gibraltar, in which he passed through that country instead of coming on ship board; and that, (for reasons which he had not explained,) she had been left at Calais, under the care of a brother officer, a man beyond the middle of life, who had undertaken to convey her to the lodgings Chesterville had provided for her a fortnight after his arrival in London.

As Montgomery went down stairs, he again encountered the talkative owner of the apartment, to whom he said—"Madam, my friend, the husband of this young lady, is prevented coming to meet her so soon as he expected: have the goodness to see that she has every accommodation and convenience, and you may depend on having every expence discharged."

"Why yes, Captain, to be sure I don't at all doubt about that; but *however* as

the lady it seems is a *farringner*, I should be glad to be sure to have a little item of where I *mid* look for her *frinds* and so."

This request quite staggered Montgomery. To give a direction to Chesterville was impossible : and his own was improper, as he lived with Mr. Royston, and much error and inconvenience might arise from it. For a moment he hesitated ; but at length said that he should be there the next morning, and then would give her an address to respectable people with whom the young lady was connected. Then, with an aching heart he left the house ; and returning to the King's Bench prison, he reached the apartment of young Chesterville about nine o'clock. Chesterville was asleep ; but at the noise his friend made in entering, he started up ; and seeing him, cried eagerly—" Well, Montgomery—is she come?—have you seen her?"

Montgomery then related to him all that had passed ; and Chesterville, far from

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considering that he had brought this unfortunate young creature into a scene of misery and distress, in which he had not even the means of supporting her in the necessaries of life, expressed a wild and frantic delight at the certainty of her being arrived. Montgomery, equally warm in his temper but infinitely more considerate, attempted not to argue with him on his impetuosity, but agreed to find some pretence for absenting Colonel Chesterville and Ethelinde from the prison the next day, in order to obtain an opportunity of introducing to her lover, the amiable object of his solicitude.

Having settled this matter in the best manner he could, he took leave of his thoughtless friend, and went to the lodgings of the unhappy father; who was, he found, in bed, and that Ethelinde had also retired to hers. He contented himself therefore with leaving a note to inform them that he had left his friend Chesterville tranquil and reasonable; and requesting them both to make themselves as easy as

possible, he promised to be with them early the next day. This done, he went, extremely fatigued and exhausted, to his present home, at the house of Mr. Royston in Harley street, from whence he had been five days absent. The moment he found that the young man whom he had seen arrested in the street was Chesterville, the brother of his adored Ethelinde, he had determined to hazard every thing for his relief; and therefore though Royston had charged him with several petty commissions, he had neglected them all; and only leaving a note to say he was going into the country for a few days on business, he had departed for Bristol.

On entering the house, he heard Mr. and Mrs. Royston were both out; and feeling himself glad to be released from any attendance on them that night, he went to his own room, where he found a letter from his mother, full of anxiety on account of his unsettled situation, and entreating him to write by every other post,

as the only means to lighten to her the uneasiness which, while he remained without any establishment and absent from her, almost overwhelmed her. "Yet," added this excellent parent, "if you were once, my dear Charles, placed to your advantage, the murmurs of your mother at your absence should be confined to her own bosom. Now, I own myself very wretched; and weak and foolish as I know it to be, I am become strangely low spirited and even superstitious. In my short and melancholy walks, I fancy your father often attends me, and demands of me his son—demands of me wherefore I have taken him from the country for which he himself bled, to throw him into precarious dependence on people unworthy of the trust. Methinks his exalted and independent spirit is rendered uneasy at the idea; and so forcibly has this image pursued me both in my incoherent dreams and waking reveries, that I cannot a moment divest myself of the impression. My dear Charles, in a few,

few, a very few weeks, you will probably know whether the promises of Mr. Royston will be realized; and if you are still only amused with vain offers which signify nothing, return to her whose whole hope is in heaven and you. A competence is ever yours here; and with that I know my son can find content. Where is the lovely interesting young woman for whose sake we both learned to wish for more? You spoke not of her in your two last short letters; and now it is eight days since I have heard. My dear Charles will not surely neglect for a moment to satisfy the doubts and solicitude which have, during this longest silence I ever experienced from him, taken possession of the heart of his affectionate mother,

“CAR. MONTGOMERY.”

The heart of the son smote him on the perusal of this, which contained a draft for ten guineas; his mother being always attentive to supply him with money to the
utmost

utmost extent of her power. Fatigued as he was, he sat down instantly to write to her; and as he never concealed any thing from her, he gave her an account of all that had happened in regard to the brother of Ethelinde; and having explained the reason of his not writing, and spoken warmly of that passion which his mother so generously encouraged, and of the excellent qualities of its lovely object, he sealed his letter and went to bed; beseeching the fabled powers of pleasurable dreams to send to his weary imagination the tender and amiable image of his adored Ethelinde.

Early the next morning he arose, mindful of his promise to Colonel Chesterville to enquire for an attorney, to be employed in soliciting and managing the affairs of his son. But Montgomery, who knew no such person, and hardly where it was likely to meet with one, was compelled to await the levee of Mr. Royston; who having many estates to manage, and being by nature

ture somewhat irreligious, was likely to give him immediate information.

After waiting till the man who ostentatiously called himself his patron had breakfasted, Montgomery was admitted to his study, while he was dressing to go down to the House, where he now took a part with opposition, and fancied that his feeble support of their opponents added greatly to the terror and alarm of the Ministry, who had disoblged him.

"Your servant Mr. Montgomery," was his answer to the first compliment of his young relation. "So!—you have been absent all this time on *business*?"

"I have Sir."

"Well Sir!—You have completed it better then, I hope, than you have the commissions which you did me the honour to undertake for me."

"Commissions, Sir!"

"Yes, Sir, Commissions! I did suppose that you would have deigned to have given some attention to the requests made

you

you by me and Mrs. Royston, and to have called, in your walks, on Mr. — and Mrs. — and Lady — whom, you know, we wanted to see : but other claims, —claims from persons more likely, perhaps, to raise you and serve you in the world than I am, have I suppose made you neglect *me* to serve other patrons."

Royston, whose caprice was equal to his ostentation, had never talked to him in this way before ; and for a moment the surprise of Montgomery prevented his reply. At length his high spirit kindling at the contemptuous manner in which Royston spoke, he repeated, with amazement and indignation—" Patrons ! Mr. Royston ?"

" Aye, Sir ; patrons. A man of *my* fortune and interest, let me tell you, Mr. Montgomery, does not always trouble himself with the claims of relationship. I *thought* I might be of use to you : you have found those, I hope, who may be of more."

" I don't

"I don't know Sir," said Montgomery, blushing with vexation—"I really do *not* know what *you* mean; and I doubt whether I ought to explain *my* meaning to a man who cancels all obligations by thus ——"

"A man, Sir!" cried the pale and mortified Royston, while his lips quivered with passion—"What do you mean by calling me a man?"

"Are you *more*, Sir," said Montgomery contemptuously, "or *less*? When I say a man, I mean a human being of courage, reason, honor, candour, generosity! If I have miscalled you—pardon me."

"I have a fortune, Sir,"—said the enraged senator—"a fortune that sets me above——"

"The feelings and claims of humanity, Sir? If it does, I am sorry for it."

"Why pray now," cried Royston, putting on in his turn the semblance of contempt—"what do you think my fortune may be?"

"I never heard, Mr. Royston; and certainly never thought of enquiring."

"But

"But you can guess, Sir—you can guess!"

"No, really Sir, I have no data on which to form any conjecture whatsoever."

"Hazard a conjecture, Sir, however."

"Perhaps five thousand pounds a year."

"Add two other fives! Mr. Charles Archibald Montgomery—two other fives! and you will even then fall short of the truth!"

"Well Sir, I congratulate you on the possession of wealth to which the generosity of your spirit doubtless does so much honour."

"I think indeed it does"—said Royston, stretching out his little white face, and becoming taller upon what he mistook for a compliment—"I rather think it does. You, however, being young, and having seen much of the world among the highlands of Scotland or the fells of Cumberland; or perhaps before you honoured Great Britain with your residence, among
the

the noblesse of Normandy or Picardy;— you I say having doubtless an extensive acquaintance and enlarged experience, have discovered persons of larger fortunes and more powerful connections, to whom you make your court.”

“ Mr. Royston,” said Montgomery, with the coolness of a man who despises his adversary too much to be angry—“ I am under obligation to you it is true; inasmuch as it is now almost a month since I have inhabited your house at your earnest request. I will not suppose you mean to insult *me*; and to convince you I see your behaviour in its true light, I will tell you, that I have not been to engage the favour of a patron, but to relieve the distress of a friend.”

“ To relieve the distress of a friend, have you? well that is kind; and pray, if your secrets are not sacred, what species of distress may it have fallen in your way to relieve?”

Montgomery was now greatly embarrassed.

trassed. He had no right over the secrets of Chesterville; and where he had no hope of relief from the confidence, could not think of betraying him to a man so unfeeling, so fond of money and of himself, as Royston. He hesitated therefore, and only said—"That species of distress which too often befalls the young and inconsiderate; and such was some days ago my reliance on your generosity, that had I not been undeceived to-day I should have applied to you for your assistance to extricate him."

"Really! What you think then that a man of *my* fortune has no other employment for it, than to lend money to disappointed fortune hunters and distressed gamblers? No, Mr. Montgomery; my *relations* you know, who have no fortune, may have some little claim on my assistance so far as parliamentary interest goes; but on my purse—for their friends!—no, no, that will never do!"

"Nor have I Sir," said Montgomery,
 "any

“any inclination from this moment to trouble you for either the one or the other. For the kindness which you have shewn me, by giving me an apartment in your house and about half a dozen dinners and suppers, though they were kindnesses pressed upon me, I thank you;—I trust that your great fortune is less hurt by such an exertion than my feelings by being obliged to a man, who—pardon me—is not, I find, a man to whom I am fond of owing an obligation. Sir, I wish you a good day; and shall give you no farther trouble than to send for my portmanteau this afternoon, which your servants will of course deliver.” Montgomery thus speaking, left the room; to the great amazement of Royston, who saw the young man escape him whom he intended to have kept some time longer, for the double gratification of his pride: first, by insulting him with the supercilious superiority of a patron; and then, by boasting to all the world how generously he acted in “taking up

up a relation, who though one of the noblest families in Scotland was actually without any support but what was derived from him."

The earlier visions of Montgomery, offered by this connection, had long since vanished. He found that Royston, so far from being able to procure him an advantageous post by his interest, was really in opposition, and of so little consequence that no attempt would be made by the then Administration to induce him to change his party. But this discovery had been gradually made; and Montgomery knew not, when he had made it, how immediately to disengage himself from Royston; and while he deliberated on what he ought to do, his encountering the brother of Ethelinde in distress, and the subsequent events, had driven every thing that related merely to himself from his mind.

He now, however, left the house; first enquiring for Mrs. Royston, (who was

was not at home) that he might pay her his parting compliments. Since he could not see her, he left a note for her thanking her for her numerous civilities, and simply informing her that circumstances had arisen which prevented his availing himself longer of Mr. Royston's obliging offer of an apartment in his house.

Having done this, he dismissed them as much as possible from his mind; and sending a porter from a coffee house for his cloaths, he took an hackney coach and went into the Borough; where, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the lodgings of Colonel Chesterville, he provided himself with a second floor in the house of a tradesman; and then having called to know how the Colonel and Ethelinde did, and having heard they were tolerably well, though he saw neither of them, as he said he was in haste, he hurried to the apartment of the unhappy Chester-ville in the King's Bench prison, to consult
with

with him on the introduction of the desolate and afflicted Victorine, which he had promised her should take place on the morning of that day.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

THE generous and anxious Montgomery found his impetuous friend impatiently attending his arrival. The moment he saw him he enquired eagerly for Victorine. "Have you not brought her? when shall I see her? where have you left her? and why are you so late? were questions articulated without waiting for an answer to either.

"For heaven's sake, Chesterville," said Montgomery, "for heaven's sake be more calm and reasonable. You know best what reasons you have for wishing to keep your attachment to this young foreigner concealed from your father and your sister; if they are very forcible, is it possible you should not consider the probability there is of its being discovered if she comes hither?"

"I did

"I did wish indeed," replied Chester-ville, "I did wish that my father might not know yet that I am married, because——"

"Married!" exclaimed Montgomery, "are you married then?"

"Yes, upon my soul I am; and I suppose you think I'm a d—d fool for it."

"Not at all. If you loved Victorine (or what am I to call her?) you did well to marry her; that is, if her character was such as brought no disgrace on you from the connection; but unless she has a fortune, I own I tremble at the effect which such intelligence may just now have on your father."

"Fortune? not a shilling. She is the natural daughter of an Englishman; her mother, a Spanish West Indian, whose father was a rich planter in Cuba. In the war before the last, the father of my god-
 defs attended his brother, who was wounded, and carried, by a circumstance not necessary to relate, to the house of Don Julian

Gomez de Lerida; there both the brothers were kindly entreated by a generous enemy; but the younger, though he survived for some time the wound he had received, became a cripple; and the elder, who was fondly attached to him, procured leave to attend him to Jamaica, as he could not be carried to England; where he lingered some weeks, and then died. The tenderness of these brothers for each other, and their own amiable qualities, greatly endeared them to the inhabitants of that part of the island among the high lands, whither they had been invited to remove on account of the salubrity of the air. Among others who were interested in the fate of the surviving soldier, was the widow of one of the most opulent men of the country. She was not very young, nor very handsome; but she was very tender, very rich, and so truly sympathized with the inconsolable young man on the loss of his brother, that he became sensible of her attention, and was not perhaps entirely indifferent to the splendour

splendour of an income of sixteen or twenty thousand a year, that his kind widow was in possession of, though he had of his own an handsome fortune, and inherited his brother's, which was also considerable.

“ The ladies of the torrid zone have very little prudery about them ; and the enamoured widow soon made to the amiable wanderer such overtures as were not to be withstood. He married therefore ; and resigning his commission, sat down in one of the finest places in Jamaica ; and losing by degrees all inclination to revisit England, where he had no relations or family, he became a settled inhabitant of an island in which he possessed all the luxuries and splendour that an immense fortune could procure ; and his wife, who was fond of him to excess, felt still less desire to see England, where she knew her own consequence would be lessened, and where she apprehended that a thousand hazards would be incurred of losing her husband's heart by the attractions of European beauty. It

was her business therefore to render his present home as pleasant as possible, by collecting the best society, and by every variety of amusement which could there be procured; but loving him as she did, she was not free from the fatal attendant of excessive passion, jealousy; and though conscious that it might produce the very evil she apprehended, she could not always help teizing him with suspicions, and fatiguing him with reproaches and ill humour.

“The first four years of their marriage brought them three children: the youngest died soon after its birth; but as the other two grew up, their father was very desirous of procuring for them an English education; but their mother could neither resolve to part with them, or to go herself to England; and after a year or two of debate, it was at length settled that a learned tutor should be procured in England for the boy, and a governess well accomplished for the girl. The lady, now
near

near fifty, dreaded extremely the appearance of this accomplished governess, tho' she had taken care to instruct her English correspondent to send her one who should not have any pretensions to beauty. To find one who was without those pretensions, was more easy than to discover a well educated and sensible person, willing to undertake a voyage to Jamaica. At length the daughter of a deceased officer, pleasing in her person, but not handsome, who had received an excellent education, and was capable of teaching what she had learned, was found, who consented to go; and a tutor being also procured by the very high terms offered, they arrived at the habitation where their instructions were required.

“As the governess was certainly not a beauty, and was found very advantageous to Miss, the mama was for a few weeks tolerably contented: but the yellow eyed monster at length seized her with cruel violence; her husband, himself a military man, felt pity for the indigent daughter

ter of one who had lost his life in the service; he felt compassion for a young woman, compelled by her situation to quit her friends and her native country for a precarious dependence on strangers so far from home, and he felt respect for her talents, and for that strength of mind which enabled her under such circumstances to exert them. All these considerations gave to his manner, whenever he addressed Miss Milward, a tenderness which his wife, who was always watching him, construed into love; and though she could not immediately resolve to dismiss the governess by whose instructions her daughter profited so much, yet she made her husband so very uneasy by dark hints when they were in company, or by open reproaches whenever they were alone, that he grew weary and disgusted; and though he had still so much gratitude and affection for her as to be unwilling to quit her entirely and return to England, yet he found himself so worn and harrassed, that he determined on making a short excursion

curfion to Cuba, to vifit his old friend Don Julian; with whom, though he had not feen him for eight years, he had ftill continued at intervals to correpond.

“ To this plan his wife dared make no oppofition, leaft he fhould adopt one lefs fupportable to her; nor was fheorry to have him for a time removed from the dreaded attractions of Mifs Milward, little imagining that an object would be thrown in his way infinitely more dangerous.

“ Don Julian had a daughter, who at his former vifit was about nine years old; fhe had fince been fent to Spain, and received her education in a convent, and within two months had returned to her father, whole only child fhe was, to be married to the fon of the Governor of Cuba, a Spanifh Grandee. To this little ugly, but proud Spaniard, Donna Anthonietta had an invincible averfion. Though very dark, fhe was extremely handsome; for with the moft expreffive eyes, fhe had the fineft black hair, the moft pearly teeth,

and the loveliest shape that could be imagined. Sprightly gaiety was the character of her countenance; yet she could throw into it the most bewitching tenderness. With all these outward attractions, she had more knowledge than most Spanish women; and as much spirit and vivacity as is to be found on the other side the Pyrenees. As she was soon to be married, she was under very little restraint; and the English gentleman soon became so great a favourite, that she could not live without his company, and took very little pains to hide her partiality from others; while she wished he might himself perceive it, and of course she succeeded. Mr. Harcourt was a very young man when he married, and was now not thirty. He had a fine person; which, though not improved by eight or nine years residence in an hot country, was yet handsome and interesting. To the daughter of his host—an host to whom he had been so much obliged, he paid every attention; but still only the
attention

attention and admiration which a married man and her father's friend could with propriety express towards her; but her affection for him, animated as it was by the vivacity of her character and country, soon broke through every restraint which European virtue or European customs might have produced, and Harcourt had soon to reproach himself with having betrayed in the tenderest point the confidence placed in him by Don Julian, and broken the laws of hospitality towards his friend.

“ Nobody however seemed to perceive the terms they were upon; for the little Spanish lover, her intended husband, had so good an opinion of himself that he never supposed it possible for an Englishman or for any man to supplant him. Nobody therefore was uneasy at Harcourt's long stay in Cuba but his wife, who had twice sent over a yacht he had built to fetch him, and had twice had the mortification to see it return with excuses that he yet staid at the pressing instances of Don Julian.

“The unhappy Mrs. Harcourt had by this time learned that the Spaniard had a young and beautiful daughter, and all the agonies of jealousy seized and tormented her. Again she sent a pressing message to her husband to return; but the tenderness and beauty of Anthonietta had now attached Harcourt to her with a passion equal to her own; and she was besides in a situation in which he could not bear to leave her to encounter the rage of an incensed father, and perhaps the revenge of a disappointed lover, who only waited the arrival of some papers from Spain to complete their marriage. Anthonietta, who determined never to become his wife, now pressed her English lover to elope with her; but this, fondly as he loved her, he could not determine upon immediately. He dreaded the effect such a step might have on her father; who, though of a milder temper than the Spanish creoles usually are, was jealous of his honor, and adored his daughter, on whose approaching

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ing illustrious union he greatly prided himself. Nor could Harcourt divest himself of all concern for his wife; who besides the tie their children had formed between them, had no fault but that of not being young, and of being too fond of him. Distracted by his love on one hand, and these reflections suggested by honor on the other, he yet hesitated, though the circumstances of Anthonietta became every day more critical. At length her tears and entreaties conquered; and he determined to go with her to Spain, as he could not carry her openly to England; and leaving her there in safe hands, to return to Jamaica, and make all the atonement he could for his error by fulfilling the duties of a father and an husband.

“ It was extremely difficult to contrive this: but at length, by means of the Captain of a merchantman on whom Harcourt had conferred great obligations in the way of his employment, Anthonietta was with her anxious lover conveyed on
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ship board, and carried to Barcelona, where she was soon afterwards delivered of my little Victorine. Harcourt, while his tenderness encreased for her mother, could yet not divest himself of affection for his son and daughter in Jamaica, nor of pity for *their* mother, whom he had left in ignorance of what was become of him, and with whose misery he could not help reproaching himself. He wished therefore to return to them; and Anthonietta reluctantly consented, on his promise to stay only a twelvemonth, and then to rejoin her in Spain, and to take her finally to settle in England. She went into a convent during his absence, and called herself his wife. She had taken care to conceal from her unfortunate father where she was; but all the circumstances of her flight were by some means known to him; and he had not only loaded her with his malediction, but had disinherited her, and sent for the son of his sister from Spain, on whom he intended to bestow all his great possessions.

“ This

"This news reached the tender unhappy Anthonietta soon after the departure of her lover. Had he been yet with her, she could have borne every thing with resolution; but he was gone—gone perhaps for ever! and her love, her pride, her filial affection all equally suffering, a lingering illness ensued. The hope of hearing from Harcourt, of hearing that he meant to return to her, a while supported her; but letters were long in coming; they were sometimes lost; and what did come she fancied were cold, and rather civil than tender. He spoke with fondness and with anxiety indeed of the little girl he had left in Spain; but with pride and pleasure of the two children whom he had rejoined in Jamaica. Of their mother he said little or nothing; yet Anthonietta fancied that habit and gratitude had conquered a transitory and vague attachment to her, and that she should see Harcourt no more.

"Violent in her passions, the mortification,

tion, the misery this idea inflicted, was too much for her; and in a sudden fit of enthusiasm, the offspring rather of disappointment than of piety, she put herself into the hands of artful priests, who persuaded her that her salvation could no otherwise be secured, than by renouncing for ever the wicked heretic who had seduced her, giving all she possessed to a convent, and taking the veil. The money and jewels she had of her own were considerable enough to tempt the avarice of these people; and having once possessed themselves of the confidence of the fair reluctant penitent, they at length prevailed upon her to send from her even the child on whom she doated, and of whom one of the priests undertook the charge, and boarded it in a remote convent; while the unhappy mother, calculated neither by temper or habit for the life she was now thrown into, lingered yet a few months, and then died, leaving Victorine, then about fourteen months old, to the mercy of the persons who had

torn

torn the infant from her bosom, and persuaded the wretched parent it was a crime even to wish to see this innocent creature, and to bless her in her last moments.

“ She wrote however a short billet to Harcourt, which was probably never delivered; and to her father, Don Julian, who in consequence of receiving it, ordered the child a small pension for its support, and gave a large endowment to the convent where his once loved, but renounced Anthonietta, expired.

“ Victorine was long supported by the pension—so long indeed as to become old enough to enquire into and to gather from her mother’s papers, which were among her cloaths, and from a female negro servant who had attended her mother, and was yet about her, all the particulars I have related. At length however the pension paid by her grandfather suddenly ceased. He was dead. His nephew succeeded to his fortune; and the deserted Victorine was left without resource, unless
she

she would become a servant in the religious house where she was brought up. She wrote to her father, Mr. Harcourt, but had no answer. In all likelihood, her letters never were sent: and the distress of this lovely and unfortunate young creature could only be equalled by the acuteness of that sensibility with which she felt her misfortunes. In the same convent, were educated the two daughters of a merchant at Barcelona: they had conceived some degree of affection for the desolate orphan; and prevailed on their father, whose notions were somewhat enlarged by commerce, to suffer them to invite her to their house when they returned home. There, as I was at Barcelona some weeks, I saw this lovely girl, living as a dependant, and not always kindly treated. The Spanish merchant, to display his own generosity and liberality, related to me some parts of her history; I found that her father was an Englishman, and with a degree of Quixotism for which you will
laugh

laugh at me, I fancied I could assist her applications to him for support. On this subject we had frequent conversations; and her beauty, her understanding, (which is of the first rank, though she has been brought up in ignorance) her innocence, and her calamities, all conduced to inspire me with the most violent passion for her: but native dignity and prudence defended her from all the artful means that passion inspired to obtain her consent to go with me to England; till at length finding myself or fancying myself unable to live without her, we were married by a Spanish priest according to the rites of her religion, and sat out together across France for Calais; where I was prevailed upon by an old brother officer, whom I met there, (waiting for his wife and daughters, who were coming from the South of France,) to leave her in his care, and reconnoitre my situation in England a little, before I exposed her to the inconveniences to which he knew I should too probably be liable.

I was,

I was to take a lodging for her, and write to her at Calais. I did so; and sanguinely fancied that I could conceal my being in England equally from my father and my creditors, till some method could be found, though I knew not what, to settle my affairs. How I was deceived, my dear Charles, and all the distressing sequel, I need not repeat."

Montgomery had listened attentively to this narrative. "Well, my dear Harry," said he, when his friend had concluded it, "there is nothing to be said to all this but that we must either conceal the matter wholly from your father, or manage so to inform of it as to soften the shock it may give him. I will attempt for you either the one or the other; not the less willingly because I suspect that your Victorine is a relation of my own."

"Of your's? How do you mean?"

"Why some parts of my genealogy, highly as I value myself on my family,

are

are a little awkward. My maternal grandmother, after she became the widow of one of the family of Douglas, who was my mother's father, lived many years with one of the Lord Pevenseys; the elder brother of him who still enjoys the title: by him she was the mother of two sons, who bore the family name of Harcourt, and to each of whom he gave ten thousand pounds. They both went into the army. The younger died in consequence of wounds received at the Havannah, and the elder is certainly the Mr. Harcourt to whom your Spanish fair one owes her birth; so that she is, you see, my cousin."

"Oh God!" exclaimed Chesterville, in a transport, "is it possible? Perhaps then, my dear, dear Charles, you can help me in applying to her father. A new ray of hope—of hope the most flattering to my imagination, darts upon me from this most fortunate discovery. Do you ever hear from Harcourt? are you
in

in habits of friendship and correspondence with him?"

"It is now, I think, near two years since my mother last heard from him. He then mentioned that his son was solicitous to come to England, and that he believed he should himself accompany him. My mother, as I recollect, immediately answered his letter; and has often expressed her surprise that she has not since heard of him: yet she observed that if he were dead, the decease of a man of so large a property would be known, or if he had arrived in England she should certainly have heard of him. For these reasons we have concluded that our having no letters from him was the effect merely of that indolent disposition which grows on the inhabitants of the tropical climates when they have passed the meridian of life."

"Well, but you will write to him for me, will you not; and forward to him

him a letter of mine and of his daughter's?"

"Assuredly I will. I will do more, and prevail on my mother to receive and acknowledge her niece; nay I am persuaded she will want no entreaties of mine; for to a mind the noblest and most generous that ever was possessed by woman, she adds the tenderest recollection of her brother, and has a thousand times lamented that their destinies had thrown them so far from each other."

After some farther conversation, it was agreed that Montgomery should persuade Colonel Chesterville and his daughter not to visit the prison that day, under pretence that it was too much for them all, and that it was necessary for young Chesterville to be left alone to collect his thoughts and tranquillize his mind: then, being secure that they would not be with Chesterville that day, Montgomery

gomery was to conduct Victorine to her husband; and this being arranged, he went from the prison to the lodgings of the Colonel.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

ON his entering the little sitting room, he was struck with the figure of Ethelinde at a table, on which she leant the arm that supported her head. Her face was pale; terror and anguish were impressed on it. Montgomery hastening to her, she took his hand and said, bursting into tears--“Oh! my dear friend! my father is so ill—so very ill!”

“How! when!” cried the alarmed Montgomery. “They told me when I called this morning, he was pretty well.”

“I thought him so when first I saw him, and therefore sent that message to your enquiry. He had some quiet sleep during the night; he was able to eat a little at breakfast; and he spoke calmly. The apothecary who visited him thought him without fever, and I began to hope another night’s

night's rest would quite restore him. But I fear"—(and she sighed from the bottom of her heart)—“I fear indeed I was too sanguine; for about two hours ago, he attempted to write a letter, which he said was on poor Harry's affairs; I entreated him not to do it lest it should fatigue him; he answered—Alas! my Ethy, no time is to be lost.—Let *me* then write it Sir?—No, replied he mournfully, it must be in my own hand. He sat down, and began his letter; but after he had written a line or two I saw the muscles of his face working; his eyes filled with tears; a deep groan seemed to issue from the bottom of his heart; and he threw away the pen. “I cannot write,” said he, in a voice broken by agony—“I cannot solicit these people for pecuniary help. I am heart struck—and why should I struggle against destiny? why not rather submit to it like a man, than poorly cringe for a remedy to those I despise and by whom perhaps I may be contemptuously refused.”

“Dear

“ Dear Sir,” cried I, approaching him, give up for the present every application but to Sir Edward Newenden. I was going on, when he suddenly stopped me— ‘ Ethelinde,’ said he, in a voice of less tenderness than he usually speaks to me— ‘ Ethelinde!—shall it be said that to the exigencies of my unworthy son, I have sacrificed the honour of my daughter? Never! Let *him*—Let us all perish first!’ The tears and sobs of Ethelinde now impeded her utterance; but she tried however to conquer them, and went on.

“ I told my father that nobody would say or think of the odious compromise at which he hinted but the base and worthless, whom it was absurd to fear. He gave me very little answer; only said, with more mildness, that he would not apply to Sir Edward; that he knew not what to do: then he put his hand to his head; complained that it ached, and that he was very cold. I desired him to lie down, and he said languidly that he was best on his bed.

I led him to it; he still complained of the cold, and desired me to cover him with his great coat. When I had done it, and drawn the curtains round him, I desired to fetch him a glass of warm wine and water: he drank it; thanked me; gave me back the glass; and then catching my other hand, he fell into an agony of tears so terrifying, that I, almost deprived of my senses, besought him to let me send for a physician. ‘A physician, my angel!’ cried he with a convulsive kind of laugh—‘No, no, I have no money for physicians; besides *they* cannot cure a broken heart. Send therefore for no physician; but leave me—leave me now; I shall be more composed presently, and will try to sleep. Don’t come in till Montgomery comes; and then awaken me, as I want to speak to him.’

“He held my hand a moment or two longer; his tears seemed to have relieved him; he grew more quiet; and again
saying

saying he thought he could sleep, bade me await your arrival in this room."

"Well, my dearest Ethelinde," said Montgomery, attempting tenderly to console her, "what is there in this that should so extremely alarm you? All that you have described is merely the effect of vexation and uneasiness. The first shock of his son's disaster, your father has not yet conquered: but in a few days he will acquire more strength of mind; we shall then set jointly about the release of poor Harry, and all will yet be well."

"Don't attempt to deceive me Montgomery. Alas! it is mistaken kindness. It will only lend new horrors to the fatal event which must, oh God!—which will happen! My father cannot long survive this dreadful stroke; his heart is, I really believe, broken; I see it in his looks, I hear it in his voice, I feel it in his manner, in his sentiments, in his solicitude for me! Oh! Montgomery! ever since this dreadful conviction has overwhelmed my mind,

it has been my earnest prayer to heaven that I may die too !”

“ You die !” cried Montgomery, whom the very idea had almost robbed of his senses—“ You die ! loveliest, dearest, most angelic of human beings ! Ah ! no ! you will live, my Ethelinde will live to cherish the declining years of her father, and to bless her devoted, her adoring Montgomery.”

As he uttered these words he threw himself on his knees before her, and wildly kissed her hands. She attempted not to take them from him ; but softened by grief for her father, and gratitude and love for him, she wept over him, and was roused only by the sound of somebody coming up stairs, from indulging the delirium of tenderness, as pure as it was ardent. The entrance of the apothecary, whom Ethelinde had a little before sent for, obliged them both to recollect themselves ; and she went into her father’s room,

to

to inform him of his arrival and that Mr. Montgomery was also there.

While she was gone Montgomery asked the apothecary his opinion of his patient. "My opinion is, Sir," said he, "that the gentleman is in a bad way; but to be honest with you, medicine can do little for his relief; the complaint is less indisposition of body than mind, or at least the latter is the effect of the former."

This by no means served to appease the anxiety of Montgomery; and the account the apothecary gave on his return from the Colonel, encreased it. He now hastened to the chamber himself, and approached the bed, where Chesterville held out to him his dry and burning hand.—"My dear friend," said he, as Montgomery took it, "I am obliged to you for coming; but there seems to be no end either to my misery or to your goodness. I have much to say to you!"

"Dear Sir!" cried Montgomery, startled at the condition of the hand he had

taken—"let us, I beg of you, talk of nothing now but of getting you well again."

"And do you know how that is to be done while my mind is in tortures. My dear young friend, if I could communicate to you—but words cannot do it—any part of my feelings—of the sensation I have here," (putting his hand to his heart) "you would know the folly of attempting to live by recourse to common, or indeed to any remedies; you would be convinced that I ought rather to use the small remainder of my days in thinking of the future welfare of her who gave life its only consolation, and to part from whom lends to death its only terror."

Montgomery now attempted to reason him out of his prepossession; but without effect: for though by degrees he spoke with more composure and cheerfulness, the idea of his speedy dissolution seemed to remain in its full force. He spoke much of the irremediable misfortunes of his son, and with yet more solicitude of the situa-
tion

tion of Ethelinde. Montgomery with an aching heart endeavoured in regard to the former to inspire the unhappy father with hopes he was himself far from feeling; and of Ethelinde he said—"Dearest Sir, disquiet not thus your spirits, but believe that while I exist my life is hers. I am, it is true, without fortune; possibly I may never possess one worthy of your daughter; but I have youth, health and strength, and I should glory in exerting them in the protection and support of that angelic creature, whether she deigns, by giving me her hand, to render me the happiest of human beings, or judging me unworthy of such exalted felicity, will only allow me the privilege of being considered as her guardian and her brother."

Chesterville wrung his hands. "Oh generous and excellent young man!" cried he in a faint voice, for his spirits were almost exhausted—"Ethelinde must be yours, for you alone can deserve her. With such a friend, such an husband, she

cannot be unhappy, however humble may be her fortune, and in leaving her to your protection I shall die with more tranquillity."

Montgomery, elevated to rapture, yet melting into tears, could no otherwise answer this than by kissing the hand of him who had pronounced, in this sentence, a blessing upon him. After a moment's pause, however, he recovered voice enough to say—"Sacred be the delightful trust! for dear, more dear than my existence, will be the pledge of your confidence!"—then finding he was himself unable to proceed and that the conversation too deeply affected his suffering friend, he only added, "But it is better not to say more on such an inexhaustible topic for my gratitude, at this time. Dear Sir, for the sake of her whose guide and guardian you must still be, even when you have given her to the happy Montgomery; of her, to whose happiness, to whose tenderness, your life is so necessary; yield not, I beseech you,

to these gloomy thoughts; but by resisting conquer them, and let us rejoice in your returning health." Chesterville only shook his head and said—"It will not do, my dear Montgomery, believe me it will not!"

Montgomery then promising to see him again before night, left him; and though he knew his presence was anxiously expected by Victorine, he could not forbear remaining a moment with Ethelinde—a moment the most delicious he ever passed. He related to her what her father had said; and sanctioned by such authority, she scrupled not, in the tenderest accents, mingled with tears, to avow to him all the softness of an heart which doated on him with an affection equal to his own. Montgomery, too happy to attend to reason, then pressed her to an immediate marriage.—"Wherefore should it be delayed, my dearest love, when our union would not only bless your Montgomery but would tranquillize the last hours of your dear—I fear I must say,

your dying father. He has told me that if he sees you mine, his heart in regard to you will be at ease."

"Ah! Montgomery!" cried the weeping Ethelinde, "and can you urge me to marry while my heart is bursting with agony? would you have the first hours of our union embittered by fear and distraction for a life so beloved; and shall our nuptials, and the funeral of him who gave me being, be kept together?"

"In any other situation," said Montgomery, "I should not indeed urge it; but——"

Ethelinde had now recovered more recollection and presence of mind, and interrupting him, she said—"Montgomery, I have shewn you the weakness of my soul; let me now convince you that it has, if not much, yet some strength to combat against itself: that I love you—fondly and truly love you—I have with too little caution perhaps acknowledged: I do not, however, regret it, persuaded as I am that
I shall

I shall never repent any confidence I place in you. But fortunate as I should think myself in becoming your wife in *any* condition of life, (however inferior such condition may be to that in which we were both born,) yet I must not think of myself but of you; and I must enquire whether it will be indeed a proof of that tender love I bear you, to bring to your arms only indigence and misfortune, and to blast the brilliant promises and prospects of your youth, by uniting you to the sorrows and burthening you with the calamities that are overwhelming my family."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Montgomery, with all the enthusiasm of passion,

"Gracious God! is it possible that you can for a moment suppose such unworthy considerations can check the ardour of a love like mine? Ah! Ethelinde! if you loved as I do—you would know how poor in comparison of it——"

"I believe it," said Ethelinde, whose mind acquired firmness as she felt herself
right

right—"I believe you love me: and without that persuasion I could not, I think, have lived till now. It is natural for you to fancy that in the success of that love you will find all happiness; but it is just in me to represent to you, both for my sake and for your own, that the consequence of marriages made under such circumstances is too often misery—misery created by the very tenderness which the parties retain for each other."

"Impossible!" cried the impetuous Montgomery, "that it can be so in my case! To be the husband—the beloved husband of my Ethelinde!—what evil can reach the man who shall be so exalted above the rest of his species?"

"The evil, my dear friend, of seeing her you love in poverty, in misfortune—"

"But my health and strength will be exerted to avert that poverty, to guard her against those misfortunes."

"And do you think then that I could bear to see Montgomery, the descendant
of

of so many heroes—himself the worthiest, the most truly noble of his race—degraded for my sake to the abject condition of labouring for bread, or humbling himself to the drudgery of a mechanic? No, my dear Charles, (added she, her tears now refusing to be restrained) no! I can part from you—I *think* I can part from you; at least I am sure I can die—But to give you, instead of a blessing, only a burthen, and to entail wretchedness on a life which may otherwise be the boast of your family and the glory of your country?—Never! never can we be united unless our destinies amend—and of that there is no prospect! We will, at least I *hope* we shall, still remain the tenderest of friends—but never think of marrying.”

Montgomery, charmed by her genuine tenderness, yet alarmed by the firmness of her manner, while the excess of his passion would not suffer him to attend to the justice of her objections, now renewed his supplications; but she would not either give him.

him a promise to name their early marriage to her father, or allow him to press it at their next interview; and finding her at length faint and overcome by struggling at once against her own affection and his vehemence, he left her, charging her to take care of an health so precious to him, and gently yet with tears reproaching her for the coldness and calmness with which she repressed the most violent and tender passion that ever glowed in a heart of sensibility for the most perfect work of heaven.

He then went to the less discreet and yet more unfortunate young creature who had, with less consideration, united her destiny to that of the poor prisoner; and as he pursued his way, reflection on their condition brought the truth and justice of what Ethelinde had said on the probable inconvenience of such a marriage full in his view. "What will become of them?" said he as he recollected their situation— "They have no money for their daily support, and I am afraid the poor Colonel

will

will suffer from a deficiency for himself and Ethelinde, if his illness lasts long. In the state he is now in, I cannot disclose to him the marriage of his son; yet how is his wife, poor young creature, to be supported? and what will they do? to whom can I apply, or what remedy can I administer to their necessities?" Before his active and generous mind had found any resource for them, he arrived at the lodgings of Victorine; who, as it was now between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, had long since given up all hopes of seeing him, and had abandoned herself to the emotions of horror and despair, which from the vivacity of her spirit she felt with uncommon violence. It was with difficulty he could calm her enough to venture to take her out, so extremely had she been agitated; at length however he led her down stairs in order to put her into a hackney coach, when they were met in the passage by the landlady.

"Your servant, Captain," cried she, dropping

dropping him an half curtsy; "so the lady is going out I find?"

"Yes, Madam," answered Montgomery, somewhat surpris'd—"Have you any commands for her or me?"

"Why as to that, Captain, I *likes* for my part to speak plain and above board; and the long and the short of the matter is this: this here young *farringner* may be, for all I *knows* I am sure, a *parson* of credit and that, or she may not be. I *stands* a little *partickler* on the credit of my *ous* and *doesn't* much care to *av*-lodgers as *beent* of *carreter*; so I should be obliged to you, Captain, to inform me whether she is your lady indeed; or if so be you would acquaint me where I may make *enquiration* after your *frinds* or *bern*, it would come to the same thing."

Montgomery, without perfectly understanding the language in which this harangue was delivered from the fine powdered, curled and bedizened figure before him, yet comprehended that it meant to express

express doubts of the safety of the money she was to receive for the board and lodging of his desolate charge. He should not, he thought, do away these doubts by naming the King's Bench prison as the residence of her husband; and hardly knowing what answer to give, he said——“ I thought, Madam, the person who took your lodgings for this lady satisfied you in all those particulars.”

“ No such thing though, Sir,” answered the landlady, whose countenance expressed yet more displeasure——“ and I don't think proper to go on no longer without a little sort of satisfaction.”

“ Well Madam, what satisfaction do you expect ?”

“ Why, Sir, what I usually *has* in these here cases, where I take strangers and that as *beent* recommended by my own *frinds*, is a week's *arnest*; and Miss have been here now a matter of five days at board, and have had the best of every thing; and you know I have seen none of her money yet;

yet; and if I goes to speak to her she falls a crying; so this morning thinks I I'll get Mr. Grinly, our lodger up two pair of stairs, to speak to her, being he can *parler vous* and that; but when he began for to question her upon who she was and so, she never so much as answered him good, bad, or indifferent, but fell a crying all one as when I spoke to her myself, and ran away like a crazy body and locked herself into her own room."

"Well Madam," said Montgomery, who now began to see that it would not be safe or proper to let Victorine remain with such a woman, "I believe the most satisfactory method for us both will be for me to pay you now for the week's lodging and for the board, and to seek another abode for the lady."

"As you like, Sir. To be sure I should be glad to be paid; and as to my lodgings, I've never no fear of not letting them to people of quality and that, being that they——"

Mont-

Montgomery, dreading a new torrent of impertinence, then enquired with some impatience whether he might go into the parlour to settle the account; and being shewn in by the landlady, he desired her to take a pen and ink and make it out. This she instantly did; charging two guineas for the lodgings, two more for the board of the poor languid young creature, who had hardly eaten a morsel of any thing but bread during her stay; and having by other articles run up the whole amount to five guineas, she delivered it with a smirk to Montgomery; who, though convinced of the extortion, would not wrangle about it, but threw down five out of eleven guineas he had in his pocket; and then assisting Victorine, who understood nothing of what had passed, into the hackney coach, he ordered it to drive to Black Friars Bridge, not chusing the inquisitive and unfeeling woman (who ordered her maid to bring down Miss's box) should

should hear whither he was going to conduct his unhappy charge.

Though his temper was somewhat ruffled by the behaviour of this woman, he presently conquered his vexation; and though he knew not what in the world he could do with Victorine, he exerted himself to comfort and reassure her: in which he succeeded beyond his hopes; for depending now on soon seeing Chesterville, and totally unconscious of the deplorable situation they were both in, her fine eyes reassumed their dazzling lustre; a smile was restored to her beautiful mouth; and Montgomery, who now perceived those charms which the agitation of her mind and the fatigue she had suffered had at their first interview in a great measure concealed, acknowledged that only Ethelinde had more personal beauty than Victorine. Of her mental perfections he could not judge, though he spoke the French and Spanish well enough to converse with her easily in either language; because her
mind

mind had never for a moment been at ease,
 and she appeared besides to be so very
 young, (not more he thought than ~~six~~ ^{twenty} =
~~ten~~) that he could form no fair estimate
 of her understanding.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE Montgomery was thus occupied in the service of the younger Chefterville, his sister, who yet knew not half the merit of that noble minded young man, was overwhelmed by inquietude for her father and by her love for him, which she was more and more convinced she ought not to indulge at the risk of involving him in the ruin of her family. A strange stupor seemed at times to take from the unhappy father the acute sense of his sufferings. He no longer complained of his son, no longer reproached himself; but for the most part took in silence the medicines or nourishments offered to him by Ethelinde; and with a melancholy smile sometimes kissed her hand as she administered them, and sometimes a tear stole slowly down his cheek

as his eyes followed her when she left his bed side. Feeling himself altogether unable to visit his son that evening, and little dreaming how distressing his presence would have been if he *could have* gone, he said to Ethelinde that he was unhappy that neither of them could see him, and in perpetual anxiety lest he should relapse into the state of wild despair in which they had before beheld him. Ethelinde comforted him with assurances that Montgomery had represented her brother as much calmer and more reasonable, and for that night he became tolerably easy.

The next day, and again the next, passed nearly in the same manner. Colonel Chesterville, without much encrease of bodily complaint, was sinking gradually under his anxiety of mind; and still preferred the ease he obtained in his bed, and the solitude of his bed chamber, to the effort which in the presence of his daughter he thought himself compelled to

to make, that he might conceal from her the rapid progress of that internal decay he was himself sensible of; still solicitous, though he knew he must die, to spare her as long as he could, the conviction that he was dying. During these two days, Montgomery, occupied in finding an attorney to undertake the management of young Chesterville's affairs with his creditors, or in expedients to raise money for the support of him and of his wife, only called twice a day on Colonel Chesterville; who was, as well as Ethelinde, yet ignorant that he had left Mr. Royston, and had fixed himself in their neighbourhood. In the mean time, as the young men were too certain that Colonel Chesterville could not himself visit the confinement of his son, and that Ethelinde would not, without the escort of Montgomery, which he forbore to offer, Victorine remained with her husband, too happy to be with him even in a prison, and careless

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of the future while she possessed the present felicity of being restored to him.

As some minds, however acute their feelings may have been early in life, become by degrees subdued to the most humiliating situations, and seem hardly conscious of calamities which once appeared too terrible to be a moment endured, so there are others which sink without a struggle, and lose in despondency the power of resistance. Of this class was the spirit of the unfortunate Colonel Chefterville. He had sustained indeed the beginning of his misfortunes with some degree of fortitude; had now softened them by hope, now sought a transient relief against their recollection by the dangerous but seducing amusement to which he was addicted;—but the moment he believed the condition of his son irretrievable, his courage forsook him; and having cast one fearful glance on the possibilities of resource from his elder brother and from Sir Edward Newenden,

he found, as he believed, that all failed him; there was only to linger through life under such circumstances as his pride and his affection rendered equally insupportable; or to quit it; to do the first he found impossible, and he now prepared himself to die.

On the third of the visits which Montgomery made to him and his daughter, he fancied that he saw in him a more threatening change than he had before perceived: his eyes were sunk and hollow, his forehead and temples tense and of a deadly fallowness, and his voice was weak and tremulous. When Ethelinde for a moment left him, he said, as he sat in an easy chair in the little dining room—“Montgomery, I am going fast. I thought to have been of some use to poor Harry, but there will be no time for it; I shall be released by death from my troubles! My poor boy must probably await the same release from his prison.” Montgomery was in no condition to answer him, and

and after a short pause, to recover breath, he went on—"I *did* think of writing to my brother; and I began a letter to him which I could not finish. He has a large and expensive family. It may not be in his power—it may not be in his inclination to assist my son; yet I have sometimes been tempted to try, because I would not willingly leave any thing undone; and he may say, perhaps, that I injure his family by not giving him an opportunity to rescue so near a relation from the disgrace of a prison; yet upon the whole, I believe it is better let alone."

Montgomery, who had often wondered that an application had not been made to Lord Hawkhurst on behalf of his nephew, eagerly caught at this hint.

“ Let me go to him, Sir; I beseech you do. I am sure if he knew Chester-ville's situation he would interfere. He is reckoned a good natured man—a man of honor and of feeling.”

“ True, my good friend; but he has a
H 2 wife;

wife; a woman so imperious, so expensive, that my brother has no will of his own, nor any money, if he had that will, to employ in the assistance of his friends; then he has, you know, six daughters, all brought up to expect titles when they marry, and a son, the very son of such a mother: from my unconquerable dislike to her, and my brother's implicit obedience, we have long been on no other terms together than that of common civility; shall I now solicit him for pecuniary assistance? Oh! Montgomery, I cannot."

"Indeed, Sir, I must take the liberty of thinking you wrong," said Montgomery. He then urged so many reasons why the experiment should at least be made, that Colonel Chesterville at length gave a reluctant acquiescence; and it was agreed that Montgomery should the next morning wait on Lord Hawkhurst with a letter from his brother, and represent the situation of his nephew. This being determined upon, Montgomery departed,
more

more wretched than ever from the encreasing sorrows of his adored Ethelinde. He was too well convinced that her father could live but a very few weeks; he doubted even whether a very days would not put an end to his existence. Her brother was not only imprisoned, but from the enquiries made by the attorney whom he had employed for him, his affairs were even more desperate than his father had imagined; and he was without the means of supporting himself or the unfortunate young woman whom he had, in his improvident love, brought over to share and encrease his misfortunes. Montgomery himself had expended in his service more than half of all he could at present command, and he knew not where to have recourse for a supply without distressing his mother, of which he could not sustain the idea.

Such were the corrosive reflections which filled his mind, when in the evening he called at the coffee house in the neighbour-

hood of Harley street, where he had ordered any letters that came for him to Mr. Royston's to be left.

He found one from his mother, filled with the tenderest solicitude for Ethelinde, and hinting that if her son could content himself to share, with the woman he loved, his mother's moderate income, that mother would embrace them both with transport, and be happy in the happiness of her son. He kissed, in a transport of filial gratitude, this testimony of his beloved parent's true affection; and without much curiosity for any thing else, he opened another letter, which to his great surprise ran thus:

Dec. 18th, 17—.

“ If you had not been always as insensible as you are irresistibly charming, there would have been no occasion for me to have wrote what you must have seen. Ah! Montgomery! I little thought you so cold. You cannot fail to know who now addresses

dresses you, though you have been wilfully blind to a thousand tender proofs of my attachment. You must want money. Accept of the enclosed; and let me at eleven o'clock to-morrow, at ———, in ——— street, know that you are not displeased with this small proof of regard from her, who hopes there is no occasion for her to sign any other name than

your devoted Friend."

In a piece of silver paper enclosed in this billet was a bank note for five and twenty pounds; which, as well as the letter itself, Montgomery contemplated for a moment in the utmost astonishment. He was so little conscious of his own personal attractions that he had not the least idea of having been particularly noticed by any woman; nor could he at all guess who was so well acquainted with his occasion for money, and so liberal both of that and of her character. He puzzled himself with conjectures to no purpose; he thought

he had some where seen the hand writing which there seemed to have been no pains taken to disguise ; but it was merely a confused idea ; and he could fix on no person likely to have sent such a letter, though his name both in it and on the direction left him no reason to suppose it could be intended for another. He was by no means disposed to keep the appointment ; but wearied himself with plans how he might return the present, which he had determined not to accept. Having however no talents for intrigue, and his whole soul being occupied by his concern for Ethelinde, he determined to consult young Chesterville on this puzzling business, and returned to what only was near his heart, the relief of Ethelinde, and the execution of what he had now his mother's as well as her father's consent to—their immediate marriage. He went that evening no more to visit her ; but to the prison of her brother, where he related to him what he had done among the lawyers in the course of the

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the day, deplored the encreasing illness of the Colonel, and told him the arrangement they had made for his going the next day to Lord Hawkhurst. Young Chesterville, who had now had time to reflect seriously on his present situation, seemed to hear him with more gratitude and with more attention than usual, and to feel with deeper concern the situation of his father; but Montgomery, though he wished to make him feel keenly, which the volatility of his temper sometimes prevented, by no means desired so to rouse his sensibility as to throw him into one of those agonies of frantic passion in which he had once or twice seen him; and therefore when he had gently told him the worst of all he had heard, and what seemed to offer some prospect of remedy, he turned the conversation; and as Victorine, who sat with them, knew not English enough to understand them, he related the circumstance of the anonymous letter, and put it into Chesterville's hands.

H 5

Chesterville

Chesterville, having read it with attention, returned it, and said, with a smile—
upon my soul, Charles, you are a lucky fellow. How much did your inamorata enclose to you?"

"A bank note," answered he, "of twenty five pounds; which I want you to tell me how I can return."

"Return! why would you be such a devilish fool as to return it?"

"Certainly I will."

"You will! And pray why so?"

"Because I detest a woman capable of acting with such indelicate freedom; and will neither meet her nor accept of her money."

"Hey dey! Mama's maxims I see still stick by you as if you had never moved out of the nursery. My dear Charles, is it possible such a handsome, sprightly fellow as thou art, can have more prudery than an old maid, or more hypocrisy than a parson?"

"I think I have neither, Chesterville;
but

but you, who know my heart is devoted to your sister, can you suppose I can give a thought to a woman of intrigue, or feel for such a woman any thing but antipathy and disgust?"

"Ti tum ti ty, ti dy di dum——very fine indeed, and as well said as if you had taken it out of one of our sentimental comedies. Keep the money, dear Charles; be advised by me; keep the money and visit the lady. How can you be so cruel as to let such a loving tender soul die for you, as I dare say she will."

"Pooh!" cried Montgomery, hurt at his lightness of mind. "I ask not for your advice about the lady, I only ask if you can tell me how to return the money."

"I wish," cried Chesterville, "I could get out of this cursed place, I would go to the appointment for you, and I dare say the generous fair one would be so pleased with my knight errantry, that, as I am not a very ugly fellow myself, I should have

have a few bank notes showered upon me."

"This is sad trifling, Harry," said Montgomery; "and if your wife understood you, which she luckily does not, would be worse than trifling. Prythee be serious if it be possible; and since you either cannot or will not give me any help in this business, let us drop it, and talk of your father. I do not wish to shock but to prepare you; he is so ill that you ought indeed to be prepared for the worst."

Chesterville was one of those characters which feel acutely, but feel only for a moment; and whose temper, equally thoughtless and sanguine, never considers consequences, or despairs of evading them. He now shed tears for his father, then reproached himself for having been the origin of his illness; now tried to persuade himself that he was not so incurably ill as Montgomery represented him, and then that his illness was the consequence not of vexation, but of some constitutional decay.

decay. Montgomery, whose generous heart felt for the inconsiderate and unhappy son, as well as for the dying father, watched with painful solicitude all these varying passions as they passed thro' the bosom and influenced the behaviour of young Chesterville. He wished that the scene which he must inevitably pass through might have its effect in regulating his future life; but he could not think without anguish of the terrors that must embitter that life if his mind was for ever haunted with the idea of having killed his father by the most dreadful of deaths—a broken heart.

The innocent Victorine, who comprehended not why she was prevented from seeing this father and this sister, now in the most pathetic terms besought her husband to let her go and assist his sister in attending on his father. “Alas!” cried she in a *patois* dialect between French and Spanish, which she accustomed herself to use to her husband,
 who

who understood the latter imperfectly—
“Alas! I never knew my own father,
but indeed I shall love your’s! and if
he knows how much I always have loved
you, he will let me be his daughter.”
Montgomery, who knew that to hazard
such a discovery would be to hasten the
inevitable event he so much dreaded,
soothed her into the relinquishment of
this project; but agreed with young Ches-
terville that he would settle with the
Marshall of the prison so as to get
leave, with an attendant to guard him,
that he might see his father whenever
the latter desired it; and having fur-
nished his friend, who could not bear
to ask the Colonel for money, with two
guineas out of the five he had in his
pocket, he took his leave for the night,
and retired to his own humble apart-
ment extremely fatigued; yet forgetting
every inconvenience in the reflection that
the day had been passed in the service of
Ethelinde.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next day Colonel Chesterville grew still more languid; and Ethelinde, excessively alarmed, waited impatiently the arrival of Montgomery, as she now, unexperienced as she was in illness, fancied that his end was rapidly approaching. A universal tremor seemed frequently to seize him; his voice was hollow and feeble; and he was so weak as to be liable on the least emotion to faint away. His servant, an old foldier who had followed him in all his fortunes, and who had frequently seen the approach of death in its various forms, thought it now necessary to apprize Ethelinde of the imminent danger of his beloved master; but this the honest veteran, when it came to the point, knew not how to set about. He adored his young lady. How could he shock her, situated as she
now

now was, by intelligence so fatal. "I can never do it," said he, as he opened the door of the room where she sat; "I shall kill my dear young lady." He looked at her, however, a moment in silence, and his eyes filled with tears when he considered how friendless she would be left. Ethelinde, who was at that moment sitting at the window, which she now and then opened to watch for the appearance of Montgomery, turned suddenly towards him; and perceiving his agitation, said—"Oh! Philip! what is the matter? For God's sake, tell me! Is my father worse?"

"Don't be frightened, Miss," said the affectionate creature, "pray don't be frightened; Master is not worse, I believe; but—oh, Miss, he is bad enough, too bad, I fear, for either of us to have much hope of him."

Ethelinde, whose spirits were now in a state to meet every evil half way, instantly fancied that her father was dying; and springing across the room, she was opening the

the door that led to his, when Philip stopped her—"Oh! dear Madam," cried he, "have patience—pray have patience. Indeed my master is no worse than I know of. I left him a minute ago in a quiet sleep; but indeed, Miss Ethy, he is sadly changed within these last two days; and I hope—I hope I shall not frighten you, but indeed, indeed I am afraid he will not live many days more."

Ethelinde, now understanding that Philip wished rather to prepare her for some sad catastrophe than to announce any tidings of lately increased illness, stopped and sat down; but as if she had now understood this fatal intelligence for the first time, she fell into an agony of tears.

"Oh!" cried she, "where is Montgomery? why comes he not to support me at this dreadful moment; and without him how am I to endure it?"

Philip attempted in vain to appease the violence of her sorrow. "Ah! Miss," cried he, "pray don't take on so; it does poor master

master no good; on the contrary, I'm sure it would half break his gallant heart if he knew it; and for that noble lad, young Montgomery, he deserves that you should take care of yourself that you may live to reward him."

The simple eloquence of Philip, however, served only to make Ethelinde weep the more; but the poor fellow, while he wept with her, thought more of vindicating his own tears than of drying her's—
"Yes, Miss," continued he, "if ever there was another man as good as my poor master, 'tis Mr. Montgomery. He's just the same considerate, kind gentleman about servants. Yesterday, as he went down, he met me at the stairs foot—'Philip,' said he, looking at me with a face full of concern, 'Philip, what do you think of your master?' Ah! Sir! said I, shaking my head, as who should say I think bad enough of him. 'Indeed,' cried he, for he understood me, 'he is indeed very ill! Philip, I must send him a physician; and till I do, I know the
dear

dear young lady above stairs and you will take all the care you can of him; but,' said he, just I was going to answer him, 'methinks you look ill yourself, my old friend; will you accept this from a man who loves a soldier much, but a faithful servant more;' and, Miss, he put a guinea into my hand. I would not have taken it, but he said—'Come, come, no scruples. While the Colonel, your master, is ill, you cannot ask him for money; and perhaps you may want a few shillings to keep up your spirits in the fatigue of sitting up. I shall be affronted if you do not take it.'

Thus ran on the zealous domestic; till Ethelinde, roused from the indulgence of those tears which flowed equally in grief for her father and tenderness for her lover, fancied she heard her father stir. She stepped softly in; but he heard her, and said languidly—"Ethelinde, my angel! I feel myself very faint, yet fancy I should be better if I could sit up."

Ethelinde,

Ethelinde, now calling to the servant, ordered for her father a glass of cordial wine; a few bottles of which Montgomery had sent for him the evening before. Philip then assisted him to rise, and led him into the little dining room; where he was hardly placed in the easy chair before he fainted away.

Ethelinde, though she had twice been witness to the same alarming incident, was now in an agony of terror trying to restore him; but before she could succeed Montgomery arrived. He beheld with extreme pain the condition of Colonel Chesterville, and the alarm of his angelic daughter; who, while his servant supported him, chased with trembling hands his pale and death-like temples and forehead. After a moment he opened his eyes; and seeing Montgomery, he held out his hand to him, saying—"My dear friend, you are come to be a witness to one of the conflicts between me and death; yet a few more and

I shall

I shall trouble you, shall agonize my suffering Ethelinde, no longer."

Montgomery now tried to speak cheerfully. "You will be better, Sir—this was mere weakness. I have brought a physician to see you; you have neglected having good advice too long; do not, I beg of you, express reluctance, but gratify me in admitting him; he waits below."

"If it will gratify you, my dear Montgomery, I certainly will let the physician come up; but do not, Ethelinde, my love, fancy that because I admit him I have any dependence on his science, however skillful he may be. I know I cannot live; but you may be the better prepared, by hearing from him how long it will be before my sufferings will be at an end."

Ethelinde, in mute but poignant sorrow, stood behind his chair when Montgomery and the physician entered. He was a man of feeling and judgment; but seeing at once the situation of his patient, he would neither give flattering hopes, or shock the beautiful

beautiful and interesting mourner with tidings so painful. He desired therefore to be alone with the Colonel; who, asking him to be very sincere as to his condition, owned that there was every reason to fear he would not survive above three days. Chesterville, who had long been conscious of this, received the intelligence with firmness; and sending for Montgomery, who had retired with Ethelinde to another room, he desired that immediate means might be taken to procure him a sight of his son. Montgomery then with the physician departed; and the latter, confirming at the door the dangerous state of the patient, Montgomery hastened to the prison to procure leave for young Chesterville to attend his father. This he at length accomplished; but it was not without difficulty that he prevailed on Victorine to part with her husband, whom she fancied she should see no more. Montgomery, however, having at last appeased her, they sat out together, with an attendant sent by the Marshall;

Marshall; and Montgomery, dreading the meeting as well on account of Ethelinde as of her father, went up with him to the room, where she was now on her knees, on one side of his chair, rubbing his hands, which he complained were cold and numb as if the blood no longer circulated through them. The Colonel held out his hand to young Chesterville; who, shocked at the dreadful alteration that had taken place since he last saw his father, and too conscious that he was himself the occasion, sprung suddenly back, and rushing by Montgomery, would have hastened away. "Whither are you going?" cried Montgomery, forcibly detaining him.

"To hide myself," answered young Chesterville; "to hide myself for ever from a sight I cannot sustain. Unloose me, Montgomery! I cannot bear to look at him. Almighty God! I have murdered, I have destroyed my father!"

"Thus it is," said Montgomery, still holding him in the passage whither he had fled,

fled, “thus it is that you ever act when firmness and calmness are necessary. Is this a time to give way to such boyish excesses? If unhappily you have given your father pain, forbear to add to it in his last moments; convince him rather that you are become less rash, and let him at least die in the hope that your future life will be more fortunate than the passed.”

Oppressed by grief and regret, young Chesterville heard this warm but friendly remonstrance with patience; and suffered Montgomery to lead him back to his father, who was now again so faint as to be obliged to lean on Ethelinde as she held her salts to him. Again he put forth his cold trembling hand towards his son; and attempting to speak words of comfort to him, they died away on his lips, and he could only utter—“Harry! my poor unfortunate boy!”

Young Chesterville now threw himself on his knees before him; and hiding his face, kissed in an agony of passion the hand
which

which his father extended. "Oh Sir! I deserve not to meet this goodness. I, who have undone you, who have reduced to this condition the best of men, the most indulgent of fathers!"

"We have both of us something to reproach ourselves with; I have not been blameless; but let us rather endeavour, my dear Harry——"

At this moment a noise was heard on the stairs; and Sir Edward Newenden, pale and breathless, ran into the room; but on beholding the scene before him, he stopped short, and seemed unable to express the painful astonishment he felt.

Young Chesterville saw his father quite overcome by the suddenness of his appearance, added to the affecting conversation he was that moment engaged in, and arose from his knees to support him; for Ethelinde, paler than death, seemed herself ready to sink. Sir Edward, whose looks perfectly corresponded with those of the melancholy group before him, was for a

moment speechless; his eyes demanded of Ethelinde, not an explanation of the reason of their being where he found them, for of that he was already apprized, but what recent calamity had befallen them; while his own looks were so wild, his dress so disordered, and fatigue and unhappiness so evident on his countenance, that she dreaded to enquire after Lady Newenden or the children.

Colonel Chesterville, feeble as he was, was the first who broke this mournful silence—"My dear Sir Edward," said he, "you are very good thus to visit the prisoner and the sick."

"My friend!" exclaimed Sir Edward, "had I known your situation sooner, the visit would have been more useful; but my own affairs—my domestic affairs—I know not," added he, putting his hand to his forehead, "what I would say; but whatever is my private misery, my present business is to relieve your's."

Ethelinde, who found herself overcome
with

with such a variety of painful sensations that she feared every moment she should faint, now attempted to leave the room, hardly knowing why she wished it. Sir Edward and Montgomery at the same moment offered to assist her; but she faintly thanked each, and said that she would return immediately, and merely wanted air. The eyes of Sir Edward eagerly followed her; but he sat down, and seemed trying to compose himself to hear, from Montgomery or from young Chesterville, particulars of their distress.

Neither however could venture to give him any account in the presence of Colonel Chesterville; who was soon so exhausted, that he desired Philip might be called, and that he might be replaced in his bed. Sir Edward remarked with fearful solicitude the extreme weakness to which he was reduced; and saw too evidently that his death was rapidly approaching. When he was gone, he expressed these fears to the two young men. Montgomery con-

firmed their being too well founded from the opinion of the physician; and young Chesterville bitterly reproached himself for that ill conduct which had, he said, broken the heart of his father.

“Would to God, Harry,” said Sir Edward, “that you had had more discretion, or your father less sensibility; however, since it is so, let us not lament, but exert ourselves; let us try whether it be yet too late to take from the heart of the poor Colonel this dreadful weight, and there may then, perhaps, be a possibility of restoring his health.”

“Chesterville,” said Montgomery, who entered immediately into the feelings of those he conversed with, “perhaps this detail may not be very pleasant to you. I will undertake to inform Sir Edward of what he wishes to know. Perhaps,” added he, looking at him significantly, to remind him of the impatience and uneasiness of Victorine, “perhaps it may be as well if

if you take leave of your father till to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said Chesterville mournfully; "that to-morrow may never come for him."

"Be assured," replied Montgomery, "that you shall be sent for if any alarming symptoms occur; but I hope and believe the danger not so immediate."

Chesterville then withdrew; and after speaking a few words to his father, and his sister, who sat by his bed side, he returned with his unwelcome attendant to the place of his confinement.

Montgomery then related to Sir Edward the situation of young Chesterville, without however touching on the history of his marriage. Sir Edward appeared extremely hurt to find his affairs so much worse than he had supposed; but took a direction to the attorney whom Montgomery had employed in them; and having assured him that he would immediately set about his relief, Montgomery, who hoped to engage

Lord Hawkhurst to assist those generous exertions in favour of his nephew, departed in order to wait on that nobleman; and in a few moments after he was gone, Ethelinde, who found her father had sunk into a quiet sleep, came into the room where Sir Edward remained. The moment she saw him again, she was struck anew with the dejection of his countenance; and still fearing to enquire its cause, she approached and sat down by him in silence.

He gazed at her a moment with so much pity and tenderness that she was more and more affected, and at length said, in a faltering voice—"You have, I fear, Sir Edward, fatigued yourself too much by your journey to make this visit to my poor father."

"No, Ethelinde," replied he, "this visit is the only one that could give me a moment's relief, and teach me, while I am assisting those I love so much as I do you

you and your father, to bear with patience my own incurable wretchedness."

"Good God!" exclaimed she, amazed and alarmed at the tone as well as the words of this speech; "what is the matter? where are the children? are they well?"

Sir Edward seized her hand wildly, and cried—"My children are well; but they have no longer a mother."

"What can you mean?" demanded Ethelinde. "Is Lady Newenden then ill? or ——"

He hastily interrupted her.—"Lady Newenden is a worthless, a lost, an unprincipled woman. I have left her for ever. Name her not. Accursed be the hour that gave her to me—accursed the blind infatuation which so long prevented my seeing her infamy."

His vehemence of manner, the fire which flashed from eyes usually expressive only of benevolence, terrified Ethelinde so much, that unable to interrupt him, she

continued in speechless horror to gaze on his agitated countenance and passionate gestures, as he walked with hurried step backwards and forwards in the room; and then in accents, trembling through passion, he thus went on—

“ I was persuaded not to insist on her giving up the visit to that infamous Darnesforte. In a moment of weakness I yielded to indulge her. It was perhaps fortunate, or I might yet have been ignorant of my own disgrace, and of her scandalous conduct.”

He paused a moment; and Ethelinde acquired courage to say “ surely you have judged too hastily—it is certainly impossible that Lady Newenden can have deserved—”

“ Ah! my Ethelinde,” said Sir Edward, interrupting her, “ you know not the profligacy of such societies as Lady Newenden has of late been admitted into. The purity of *your* mind makes it impossible for you to conceive the unblushing effrontery

effrontery of a woman who believes that her rank and her fortune entitle her to sport with the ties of duty and affection, and defy the opinion of the world. Ask not particulars; I am, as you well know, of a nature incapable of unfounded jealousy, and I hope incapable of judging rashly of my wife, the mother of those lovely children; but there no longer remains even a hope that I may be deceived. I have quitted Lady Newenden for ever, and have now no other business in this world than, while I redouble my tenderness towards her children, to endeavour to forget *her*. Yes; I have yet one other occupation that interests me—it is to be the friend and protector of her cousin.”

At this moment all that had passed at Bristol, all the suspicions Lady Newenden had affected to harbour, and all she had expressed, recurred forcibly and painfully to the mind of Ethelinde; and she foresaw that since matters were come to such extremities between Sir Edward and his

wife, the latter would, as an excuse for her own faulty conduct, urge this imaginary attachment of the former towards her cousin; which every thing he did for the liberation of her brother, or the consolation of her father, would at this juncture confirm. A thousand uneasy and distressing reflections passed rapidly through her mind, and prevented her speaking; though her eyes filled with tears, and fixed earnestly on the agitated countenance of Sir Edward, said more than the most expressive words.

He saw that she was greatly affected. "I make you miserable," cried he; "you, for whose happiness I would lay down my life. I cannot indeed console you by my stay; for I have nothing to speak of but misery, nothing to hope for but your compassion. I will go therefore, while I am yet able, and while it may yet save your father or console his last moments. I will set about the emancipation of Harry. God bless you!" added he, passionately
kissing

kissing her hand; "God bless you! I do not ask you to make yourself easy, because I know it is impossible; but if you would not add to the weight of misery already almost too heavy for me, support yourself, and be as noble in fortitude as you are in tenderness enchanting."

Thus saying, he hurried away before Ethelinde had time to answer. She sat down when he was gone and tried to obey; but the more she reflected on her situation, the more dreadful it every way appeared; and she dwelled on the various distresses that surrounded her till her ideas were bewildered, and she fell into a sort of melancholy stupefaction, from which she was roused only by a summons to her father.

He now took the prescription of the physician, and for a while every other pain was absorbed in the mind of Ethelinde, by considering the hourly change that her father's emaciated form exhibited. What was now administered was a cordial, given rather in the hope to render the pains of dissolution

dissolution supportable, than with any expectation that it was in the power of medicine to delay it. The intention in some measure succeeded; in a short time Colonel Chesterville found himself revived, and spoke more cheerfully than he had done for some days. The hope of Sir Edward's assistance, though he had declared against receiving it, had its weight; and he rejoiced that he should leave Ethelinde such a friend and protector. Of the late events in that family he was ignorant; and Ethelinde would not wound him by relating them: the Colonel therefore hoped that Lady Newenden, forgetting or repenting of her cruel and unjust suspicions, would receive his daughter, and be to her a sister; which, though it was in its pleasantest prospect not the situation his tenderness would have chosen, was yet, as he believed, greatly to be preferred to the desolate and helpless state in which she must otherwise probably remain. As the world receded from his dying eyes, his re-
sentments

sentments were softened or forgotten; and gazing with interest only on Ethelinde and his son, he tried to see what related to them in such a point of view as might enable him to meet, without the agonies of apprehended evil and misery for them, that death, which notwithstanding a transient relief from medicine, he felt to be inevitable.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IX.

Montgomery having dressed himself with more care than he usually gave to his appearance, was punctual to the hour on which he had been appointed by Lord Hawkhurst to attend him; for to avoid delays and excuses, he had desired and obtained permission the preceding day, to wait on his lordship.

On his arrival in Saville Row, he was shewn into the dining room, and informed that his Lordship would immediately be with him. He employed the few moments he was alone in surveying the room, which was magnificent, and in examining the family pictures which hung round it; in most of whom he saw a striking resemblance to features so deeply engraven on his heart, that whatever bore any affinity to them was soothing, and relieved him
from

from the pain with which his embassy was inevitably attended, unused as he was to solicit favours, and ill calculated to brook the supercilious coldness of those who have favours to bestow.

After waiting about half an hour, Lord Hawkhurst entered. He was, in figure and face, greatly resembling Colonel Chesterville: but his manners had less ease, and his countenance less openness. "Mr. Montgomery," said his Lordship, "I beg your forgiveness for having made you wait; but indispensable business detained me."

"I beg your Lordship will make no apologies. I should not, my Lord, have presumed, stranger as I am to you, to have waited on you, if I had not been persuaded that what I have to relate of your brother, Colonel Chesterville, ought to be communicated to you."

"Of my brother, Sir!" cried Lord Hawkhurst—"Do you come from my brother? It is very long since I have heard

heard from him. Have you any letter from him for me?"

Montgomery then told him that Colonel Chesterville was very ill; and on his expressing concern which however he did not seem to feel, said—"I hope your Lordship will make it convenient to see him, as I am convinced it will be a cordial to him?"

"To be sure, Mr. Montgomery—Certainly—And had I known sooner he was ill in town, I should assuredly have called upon him; but I give you my word of honour that this is the first intelligence I have had of him since he went to Bristol. I will see him this morning. Pray where does he lodge? I think he has given up his house in Cleveland Row."

Montgomery then began to relate the adventures of young Chesterville; whom he had no sooner named than his uncle exclaimed—"A bad history—a bad history I am afraid that young man has made of it. Why Sir I am told he has sold his commif-

commission, spent the money, and is gone nobody knows where."

"Where he is Sir," said Montgomery, is unhappily too well known, and will soon be more generally so." He then described his situation; sinking only as much of it as related to Victorine, and ended with saying that in order to be near him his father and sister were lodged in the Borough, where the former lay dangerously ill.

Lord Hawkhurst now found that his fraternal affection was expected to exert itself beyond the trifling ceremony of a visit. He found that money would be wanted of him; and where to get it, or how to part with it, without the concurrence of his wife, he was equally at a loss.

It was less difficult to blame than to relieve. "Upon my word Sir," cried his Lordship, "I am very sorry—very sorry to hear all this. The more so—the more so, Mr. Montgomery, because I give you my word of honor that my own estate, and
the

the places—the places I have the honor to be entrusted with—by my sovereign—are barely, barely adequate—I say, they are little more than adequate to the support of my house. I am astonished—really astonished at the—(what shall I call it?)—at the very unfortunate turn—I say the unfortunate turn, Mr Chesterville has taken. It was always against my advice—always, I give you my word of honor—that he was indulged in expences—I say in expences—greatly indeed beyond—yes greatly exceeding—the expectations his father judiciously—I say judiciously—should have entertained for him. I am sure I wish from my soul—I do indeed—from my soul I wish that it was in my power to aid—that is, to give effectual aid to—to remedy the disastrous state which—I say which Mr. Chesterville has unluckily brought himself into—but I give you my word of honour—that it really is not; and I must repeat, that Colonel Chesterville has been wrong, extremely wrong—he has upon my word—

word—and has acted diametrically—I say, diametrically opposite, to my advice and wishes.”

“However that may have been, my Lord,” said Montgomery, who by no means liked the inclination he observed to censure rather than to serve, “I persuade myself you will not suffer your brother to quit the world without having the consolation of seeing you and of knowing that he leaves in your Lordship a friend to his children.”

“Upon my word Sir,” replied his Lordship, “I should be extremely sorry—I give you my word of honor I should be much concerned—greatly so indeed—to appear unkind; and if my going would be of any real use—yet I own it is extremely inconvenient to me to-day—and——”

“While he yet hesitated, and continued to meditate an excuse, Lady Hawkhurst, who was going out with her daughters, entered the room to speak to him. She curtseyed slightly to Montgomery; and her
Lord,

Lord, who seemed glad to avail himself of her presence to find a reason for not doing what he had no inclination to do, said—
“Lady Hawkhurst, my brother, Colonel Chesterville, is ill, and this gentleman is so good as to come to inform me of it: how are my engagements for to night? I hardly recollect.”

“You cannot go to-night, my Lord: you are to go to Lady —— and Lady —— and the Duchess of ——; or you may escape possibly a moment from one of them, as I suppose you have not far to go to your brother?”

“Well my Lord,” said Montgomery, more and more disgusted and discouraged, perhaps some other day, before it is too late, you may have an opportunity of seeing the Colonel. I conclude I am to give him no positive hope of it; and that as to my friend Harry——”

“Why I give you my word of honor, Mr. Montgomery, it is not at this moment in my power to say how far it will be possible.”

possible for me to be of the use to him, which unquestionably I would be glad to be of—But really——”

“What does he want done, my Lord?” said Lady Hawkhurst.

“Why Mr. Chesterville has embarrassed himself, as you know I always foresaw; and I am sure, notwithstanding the little attention—I say the very little attention that has ever been, by any part of that family, lent to my opinion—I say, notwithstanding the little deference shewn me on all occasions relative to this young man, I would gladly, I give you my word of honor, contribute to, his extrication; but in truth the claims—of my own family——”

“To be sure, my Lord,” cried his Lady, taking the speech from him to finish it herself—“To be sure! your own family have and ought to have the first claim, and I rather wonder that Mr. Chesterville should think of such an application. Pray Sir,” added she, addressing herself to Montgomery, “do not let him suppose that

that he has any dependance on my Lord. He ought not to have run through his fortune. My son, who has somewhat more pretensions I think, never made more figure about town than young Chesterville, nor played deeper; and as to my daughters—Lady Sophia and Lady Helen, and Lady Amelia—neither of them have had half the expence lavished on them as Miss Chesterville has. 'Twas all very well if the girl had gone off; but you see it does not always succeed; I find she's not married yet."

Montgomery, at hearing Ethelinde thus contemptuously spoken of, felt the blush of indignation rise into his cheeks and scorn and anger flashed from his eyes: yet he commanded himself, and answered—"No Madam; she is now attending, with the most assiduous affection, on her father."

"A good sort of girl indeed I believe," reassumed her Ladyship. "The little I ever saw of her, I thought her really very tolerable,

tolerable, and prettyish I think in her person."

"She has every merit, Madam," said Montgomery, "which can render human nature perfect; and beautiful as she is, her mind is ten thousand times more lovely."

The three Lady Chestervilles, who had remained standing behind their mother while this dialogue passed, during which her Ladyship had not herself taken a chair, bridled at this, and each cast a disdainful look at Montgomery. Their mother, who was now more than ever determined to impede any friendship which her Lord might be disposed to shew his brother, answered only by a contemptuous smile; and then addressing herself to her husband said—"My Lord, shall we put you down? We are going to Grosvenor square."

His Lordship, glad to find the means of escaping from the importunity of Montgomery, answered that he was ready, and then turning to his visitor, said—"I am
very

very sorry, upon my word of honour, Mr. Montgomery, that I am upon the instant obliged to go out on business that admits of no delay; but will you do me the favor to tell Colonel Chesterville, that I will not fail to embrace—I say I will not miss, he may rely on it, the very earliest occasion to call upon him, and shall sincerely hope to have the pleasure of finding him better. Lady Hawkhurst, I will not detain you; Mr. Montgomery, I wish you a good morning; I am sure you will forgive me; I am truly concerned at being obliged to leave you.” His Lordship then departed with his wife and daughters, and left Montgomery to contemplate the force of blood, and the effect of sympathy, in a man of fashion.

“ Good God!” said he, as he quitted this unfriendly mansion, “ is it possible that this man can be the brother of Colonel Chesterville and the uncle of Ethelinde? Can a being so callous; as void of common humanity as of natural affection, be
of

of the same blood? I thank heaven, if such is the effect of rank and fortune on the human heart, that I am indigent and obscure; for more worthy in my eyes is the humblest peasant who labours for bread, who has yet the feelings of a man, than this unmeaning, pompous, verbose, unfeeling peer!" Anger awhile occupied the mind of Montgomery; but anguish soon returned to it with accumulated force. He was conscious that Colonel Chesterville was dying; he knew not what would become of Ethelinde; he knew not whether, if he could gain her consent under such circumstances to marry him, he should himself be able to support her; for he was now farther than ever removed from all prospect of an establishment; and from his mother he could not bear the thoughts of taking what she was so ready to give him of her slender pittance. In addition to these fears for the future, was added the acute uneasiness of wanting money even for his support; for by having supplied young

Chester ville, and paid the physician, together with the purchasing of some wine and other things which he fancied the weak condition of Colonel Chester ville made necessary, his finances were now reduced within a guinea; and could he have borne to have solicited a recruit from his mother, he was by no means certain it was in her power to have sent it to him.

The bank note which his anonymous correspondent had sent, was in his pocket book; but hurried as he had been by various emotions of uneasiness for persons so dear to him, he had thought no more of it after having once determined to return it, and the sender had never recurred again to his memory. Now, however, he was reminded of her by finding at the coffee house, when he called for his letters, a second billet in the same hand, reproaching him for neglecting her first appointment, and assuring him that if he did not meet her at the same place on the following day, her anxiety to see him would be of ill consequence

consequence both to herself and him. In a postscript was added—"I deem it needless to sign a name to a letter written in an hand which you have seen too often to mistake." Again he fancied he had certainly seen it, but when or where he could by no effort recollect. The threat contained in the letter he disregarded; but his solicitude to return the bank note, which however he might want it he was resolutely fixed not to use, determined him, after some hesitation, to go on the following day to the place named, return the note, and decline any farther acquaintance with the sender.

He returned in the evening, in the utmost depression, to his lodgings; and as he had only painful intelligence to give to Ethelinde, he found himself altogether unequal to the task; but contented himself with seeing Philip at the door; of whom he learned that Sir Edward Newenden had returned in the afternoon, and that in consequence of some conversation which had

passed with him the Colonel appeared more easy in his mind; but that he grew gradually weaker, and that Ethelinde had, at his earnest request, retired to bed immediately after dinner.

A very different scene passed at the house of Lord Hawkhurst. His Lordship spent the morning in attending the levee of the Minister and in political negotiations. His Lady, before she set him down at the door of the great man's house, said—"Pray my Lord, who is that young fellow that came with a message from your brother?"

"I know nothing of him. His name is Montgomery."

"He is either very officious," said her Ladyship, "or Mr. Chesterville is very indiscreet. Could he not write? And why must he employ a stranger to bring a message of that sort? But indeed his way of going on has always been very extraordinary."

"I don't know," replied the nobleman,—"I think I ought to call upon him tho."

"For

“For what?” answered his unfeeling wife—“I don’t see the use of it. If he is not very ill there is no occasion for it, and if he is, it will only make you feel uncomfortable.”

Lord Hawkhurst, who while his conscience told him he ought to go, yet thought of it with reluctance, listened without conviction to so feeble an argument; but plunging into business for the rest of the morning, he endeavoured to persuade himself that he really had not a moment to spare to visit, in so remote a place, his brother in distress and calamity. His Lady and her daughters, who dismissed instantly from their minds the unpleasant idea of a poor relation, passed some hours in shopping and giving orders for cloaths for the approaching winter’s birth day; in which all that fancy unchecked by œconomy could invent, was directed to be prepared for them. They then returned to dress for dinner at home; where at six o’clock a large party assembled. The news of the

day was discussed, and all the powers of ridicule were exhausted to excite laughter. The young ladies, who had been brought up fearlessly to speak on every topic, were the forwardest in pointing out the absurdities or foibles of every character which came in review before them, and the evening concluded with deep play, where they betted with as much spirit as their mother. Lord Hawkhurst thought not of his dying brother, or thought of him with so little fraternal affection that the efforts of his wife to drive him wholly from his recollection succeeded but too well; and her Ladyship and her daughters, who had an ill run of luck, lost in the course of the evening as much money as would have taken from the oppressed heart of so near a relation, the greater part of the concern that was weighing him down with sorrow to the grave. But to lose or win was, in a constant course of play, become a matter of indifference; while to feel for the calamities of others was a vulgar weakness, against which

which a constant application to the gaming table is, among many other of its advantages, a sure antidote.

Ethelinde, languishing as she was, had attended the whole day assiduously on her father, and watched with acute anguish, which she yet stifled, the evident progress of death towards this beloved parent. Early in the afternoon Sir Edward came, and informed Colonel Chesterville that he had, in the three hours he had been absent, made such efforts in adjusting his son's affairs that there were hopes of his being actually released the next day. This intelligence, though it could not prolong that life which was now ebbing fast away, lighted with a gleam of comfort the "gathering shadows of the grave." Chesterville could not thank his generous friend; he could only press his hand, and say to his daughter, who, overwhelmed with gratitude and tenderness sat weeping by him — "Ethelinde, be it the business of your life to shew to this most excellent of men

that the infinite obligations he is showering on you and your brother are not bestowed on the ungrateful. *I cannot thank him!*" He then sent Ethelinde, who was too much affected, out of the room, and put into the hands of Sir Edward a will he had hastily written, in which he had left Ethelinde entirely to his care and guardianship. "I did think, my dear friend," said he, in a feeble voice, "that desolate and deserted as my Ethelinde was likely to be at my death, it were right to leave her in the protection of that wonderful young man who has been to me as a dutiful son, to her as the most affectionate of brothers. He loves Ethelinde; I believe that her affection for him has been restrained only by her consideration for me; but he is without fortune and without profession; and after having myself struggled through life with all the difficulties and mortifications incident to a narrow fortune, in consequence of a marriage where love alone presided, I think I ought not to encourage
in

in regard to my dear girl, a marriage yet more imprudent. To you, Sir Edward, I fearlessly confide her. If you can, for her sake, procure any provision for Montgomery I know you will do it, and then will promote her happiness, if it depends, as I believe it does, on her union with that deserving young man."

Sir Edward, though to see Ethelinde happy was the first wish of his heart, and though he felt for Montgomery the truest esteem, could not, however, prevail upon himself to engage that he would endeavour to effect this marriage. Noble and generous as his spirit was, it was yet an effort beyond his strength to promise that he would give to the arms of another the woman he had so long and so fondly adored, at a time too when there was a probability that the dissolution of his own marriage would leave him at liberty to address her himself. Though he was hardly conscious that this latent hope lurked in

his heart, it undoubtedly influenced his feelings. He hesitated a moment when Colonel Chesterville had done speaking, and then said—"My dear Colonel, believe that to the invaluable trust you honor me with, it will be my pride and pleasure to give the same unremitting attentions with which you have watched over your Ethelinde, and that I will make her interest and happiness my first object."

They were both affected. Sir Edward's voice faltered; and as he found that the conversation was too much for the Colonel, and very painful to himself, he abruptly broke it off; and promising to be early with him the next day, departed; Colonel Chesterville yet remaining ignorant that the conduct of Lady Newenden had left to Sir Edward no other hope of happiness than what he could obtain by his generous endeavours to promote the happiness of others, and above all that of the family of Ethelinde, to whom her
father

father believed Sir Edward had no attachment except that which every man of sensibility and honor must feel for such a young woman so situated.

CHAP.

CHAPTER X.

AT eleven o'clock the next day Montgomery hastened to the house where his unknown correspondent was to meet him. He was shewn by the person who belonged to it into a dining room, where he had not waited long before a chair was brought into the house, and a female figure issued from it, who was by the same person conducted up stairs; and having entered the room, and taken off the hood which concealed her face, Montgomery was astonished to behold Mrs. Royston.

A sudden emotion of astonishment made him step hastily back. The lady, with the most perfect ease, advanced smiling towards him. "Why are you so surprised, Montgomery? Have you not often been told by my eyes what you now compell me to explain

explain by words? So! you have at length left Miss Chesterville to Sir Edward Newenden, and deign to recollect that there are other people in the world."

"Left Miss Chesterville to Sir Edward Newenden, Madam?" said Montgomery, in yet more surprise; "to what can you possibly allude?"

"Don't affect ignorance of an affair about which all the world talks; and of which I, who have had an interest in watching you, am perfectly mistress. Come, come; we know that Ethelinde Chesterville has been the cause of Lady Newenden's quitting Sir Edward; we know that her brother is got into prison, and her father and she live near him, where you also have taken a lodging, and where you were the favourite of the young lady till Sir Edward came, who means to establish her mistress of his house."

The cheeks of Montgomery glowed with indignation. "Is it possible, Madam," said he, "that you can have listened to,
or

or have believed falsehoods so scandalous. But wherefore detain you? I came hither merely to return this unexpected mark of a preference I am sorry you should feel, and which I am by no means solicitous to preserve. I must beg the favour of you to desist hereafter from the trouble of watching where I am. It is greatly degrading a character which I wish still to respect. We will, if you please, mutually forget this interview, and the circumstances that led to it; and pardon me if I say that before we judge so hardly of the conduct of others, it were well if we were more cautious of our own. I wish you a good morning."

Montgomery was then hastening away, having thrown the bank note on the table; but Mrs. Royston, not easily repulsed, cried—"Stay, Montgomery, one moment. Don't expose me to the agonies of resentment that will know no bounds; remember

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorned."

Oh!

Oh! Montgomery! what must be the violence of that affection which could urge me to go such lengths.. Alas! it has made me forget every thing—my honor, my children, my peace!” She then paused, affected to look tenderly on him; and as she found him unmoved by violent declamation, suddenly changed her battery, and dissolving into tears, threw herself on a seat, and produced a very affecting hysteric.

But Montgomery, who as well on account of her conduct towards him as her defamation of Ethelinde considered her rather as a monster than a woman, felt more abhorrence than pity; and telling her that he recommended it to her to be calm and to return home, he resolutely walked down stairs and left the house. Shuddering at the dissolute conduct of this violent and disgusting woman, he felt considerably relieved in having returned her money, and in having escaped, though with only a single guinea in his pocket,

from

from the house and patronage of her husband. He now recollected several singular circumstances in her behaviour towards him, which his ignorance of the world, and the great freedom of behaviour among the veteran women of fashion who frequented her house, had made him regardless of at the time they occurred. He always thought her behaviour very disgustingly forward, and had heard that her character had for some years been very equivocal; but she was one of those women who interested him so little that he gave hardly any attention to what he heard about her; bold, unfeeling, and daring, talking dauntlessly of every thing without understanding, and censuring acrimoniously the conduct of others without having herself either principle or virtue; totally indifferent to her husband, she did not openly ridicule him because her own pride might have suffered from his loss of consequence; having brought him a great estate, she knew he loved money so well

that

that he could not notice her gallantries, least in consequence of a divorce he should be compelled to return her fortune; and secure in that certainty, she threw out encouragement to every man she liked as fearlessly as she had done in regard to Montgomery, and very seldom met with any so insensible of her favours. She was now no longer young, and had never been handsome; her children, for she had several, she considered only as incumbrances, and restraints, and kept them in the nursery under the care of servants, while she passed whole nights at the gaming table, or in pursuit of some discreditable scheme; and Royston, occupied by his politics or his law suits, blinded by his imaginary greatness or restrained by his real littleness, suffered her unchecked to pursue her own way, taking care only that her expence should not exceed a certain sum, which yet left him to receive a very large portion of the income she had brought him.

Such

Such was the woman whose vice and folly urged her to dispute the heart of Montgomery with the lovely, blameless, tender Ethelinde; and failing in her attempt, to pursue with insatiable malice the innocent and unconscious rival whose attractions had rendered her bold advances so odious in the eyes of a man that from their first interview she had beheld with unusual complacency.

Montgomery in returning to the Borough had dismissed Mrs. Royston wholly from his mind, and had thought only of Ethelinde, and of the approaching death of her father. On his reaching the door of the house where she lodged, he saw Philip standing at it as if watching for him. "Oh Sir!" cried the faithful creature, as soon as he approached, "my master is going fast; but Sir Edward—that dear good Sir Edward, has released the Captain. Thank God my poor master knows that before he dies!"

Montgomery now hastened, in breathless

less agitation, up stairs; and entering the room, he beheld Colonel Chesterville sitting in his easy chair, supported on one side by Ethelinde, while on the other young Chesterville was kneeling before him; and Sir Edward Newenden stood by, surveying the affecting group with a countenance expressive of the deep interest he took in their sorrow. When Montgomery entered nobody seemed able to speak to him but the dying man, who taking his hand from his son, held it out towards him.—“Welcome, ever dear Montgomery,” cried he, in a voice which seemed to articulate only by the exertion of all the strength he had left—“you are come to rejoice with me in the release of my poor Harry; and to help me—for I, alas! cannot do it—to help me thank this most generous of men, who has taken all its bitterness from approaching death!”

“For God’s sake,” said Sir Edward, “my dear Colonel, let us hear no more of this; the only thing that is, that can be gratifying

gratifying to me, is to see you revived in spirits and—”

“ If generous, disinterested friendship could disarm the hand of destiny,” answered the Colonel, with a placid though faint smile, “ I should still live; but that cannot be, I hardly know whether I wish it.”

“ Oh! attempt it for God’s sake !” cried young Chesterville, wildly, “ attempt it my father—to save from eternal reproach, from eternal anguish, your wretched, your repentant son !”

“ Poor boy !” said he, looking at him with the tenderest pity, “ I would for thy sake that I *could* live; yet ought not my death to be imputable to thee—and if I am convinced that thy errors are abjured, believe me, Harry, my life will end more happily than it could have continued.”

“ And I shall live,” exclaimed his son in a frantic tone, “ to be reproached as the monster who murdered his father—such a father

father too as never man had! Oh! no! no! I cannot be forgiven—cannot forgive myself! It is impossible, for I have sinned even more than I have dared avow! my folly, my rashness, my wickedness, has involved the innocent, and my wretchedness is as irretrievable as it is insupportable!”

He now hid his face in the chair next to him. A faint blushing arose in the pale and sunken cheek of his father; his languid eyes were turned towards Montgomery as if to enquire the meaning of all this; but he had no strength to do it by words. He gasped for breath, and laid his convulsed face on the bosom of his daughter.

Every body was silent; and Montgomery, who hoped that the secret of his marriage would not now be needlessly disclosed to embitter the last moments of his father, was less able to speak than the rest. At length, as he thought every moment of suspense shortened the fragile life of the unhappy Chesterville, he tried to say something

something that might give to this inconsiderate speech an interpretation which might at once palliate and evade; but before he could form his words to effect this purpose, a sudden exertion of resolution enabled the Colonel to say, though in a voice broken by convulsions into which this new stroke seemed to have thrown him—"Montgomery, you will not deceive me! If you know to what Chester-ville alludes, tell me I conjure you; and tell me e're I die in dread of something worse perhaps than the truth."

Thus called upon, and the request enforced by the speaking though agonized look which Ethelinde cast towards him, Montgomery felt himself compelled to speak—"There is nothing indeed," said he in a tremulous and hesitating way—"nothing at which you need be thus cruelly alarmed. Mr. Chesterville met in Spain with a young woman, of beauty and of merit; he loved, and has married her. Nothing but his own desperate situation,
and

and your feeble health, could have induced him to attempt that concealment, which his present distress of mind has, you see, involuntarily broken."

"He is married!" cried his father; "Well Harry, let me then hope that you have another motive to steadier conduct. Where is his wife, Montgomery?"

Before there was time to answer this question young Chesterville sprang eagerly forward and prostrated himself at the feet of his father. "If you will but forgive me—if you will but receive her!" He could add no more. Montgomery, trembling at the situation into which his impetuosity had thrown the Colonel, who was now evidently convulsed, and seeing Ethelinde sit down supported by Sir Edward as if she was herself dying, was determined to shorten a scene so impossible to be long endured. "Mrs. Chesterville," said he, "is in the apartment in the prison; from whence, perhaps, it were better to fetch her."

"Cer-

“Certainly,” said Sir Edward. “My dear Colonel, do you wish to receive the wife of your son?” He spoke not; but by a motion of his head and hand he signified his consent; and young Chesterville starting from his knees, would have flown out of the room; but Montgomery stopped him, and holding his arm forcibly, said—“For God’s sake, Chesterville, be more like a rational creature, or you will render it impossible for your best friends to do you any good. Are you in a situation to appear abroad? Ought you to leave your father if you were?” Chesterville, convinced in a moment that he was wrong, wrung the hand of his friend in silence; and suffering him to depart, he walked back and sat himself down as tranquilly as he could, by the side of his sister. “Speak, Harry, to your father,” said Sir Edward; “and as I trust you have not given him a daughter unworthy of him, explain to him who she is and prepare him for her reception.”

Young

Young Chesterville then, in a low and tremulous tone, related, as briefly as he could, her history; and when he mentioned that she was related to Montgomery, a gleam of pleasure lightened in the eyes of his father—"You need not, Harry, have concealed this from me. You have been indiscreet, but not dishonourable. I forgive you, because you have married a woman of honour; because she boasts of a portion of that blood which warms the generous heart of Montgomery; and because I know too well the force of that passion, which I once felt for that dear woman whom I hope soon to rejoin in Heaven.—Let me leave my blessing, it is all I have to give to her children!"

"Stay, Sir," cried young Chesterville eagerly, and again falling on his knees, "'till she whom you deign to receive as your daughter can share it with us." At this moment Montgomery entered, leading Victorine. Her husband started up, caught her in his arms, and bade her

prostrate herself at the feet of his father. Montgomery, dreading that such a scene might dismiss the feeble life which was so nearly extinguished, would have checked the impetuous eagerness of his friend; but the Colonel said—"I can bear it, Montgomery.—It is a last effort.—Let me die at least in doing what appears to be my duty." A cordial was now administered; he pressed his hand to his heart as if to stop its violent fluttering; and after a moments pause, proceeded—

"Receive, Harry, my last blessing; and may my last advice be remembered! —You have married; let your future study be to make up in tenderness and attention to your wife, that want of fortune which now perhaps she does not feel.—I charge you with my departing breath to act by her like a man of honour.—She is young; I hope she is worthy; try to restore her to her father's remembrance; much is to be hoped for from Mr. Harcourt.—As Sir Edward has nobly released you, let him
direct

direct what use you shall make of your liberty: and among the new duties which you will have to perform, remember the everlasting gratitude you owe to *him*.”——

He was now obliged to stop for breath; and the mournful pause was broken only by the sobs of Chesterville, who with difficulty supported the terrified and weeping Victorine. “Another duty,” continued the Colonel, “you will share with Sir Edward Newenden and with Montgomery; it is that of protecting your sister; and I charge you, Harry, as you would give peace to my departing soul, consider this as what you are doubly bound to execute. I have only one word to say to you more.—May it make a lasting impression.—I have committed numberless follies; fatal ones indeed too many of them have proved; but among the excesses of my youth, and amidst the contagion of very dissolute society, I never rejected the doctrine I was too weak to practise; and tho’ I served not my God as I ought to

have done, I never outraged his name. Believe me, Harry, it is this, tho' heaven knows it is but negative merit, that now enables me to die—to die with some degree of courage; to leave what I best love on earth to the providence of that gracious being, who will, I am persuaded, receive, forgive, and unite me to your mother. You are young.—You have, I am afraid, been too much misled.—Before you are settled by habit in impious defiance of Heaven, reflect on the last moments of your father; and wait not till you are reduced to the brink of the grave, ere you learn to brave its terrors by rectitude and religion.”

Young Chesterville, unable to speak, kissed his father's hands, as if to promise all he desired of him. Victorine, who understood very imperfectly what passed, would have done the same: but he desired her husband to raise her towards him; and taking her in his trembling arms, he kissed her cheek and blessed her; then,
after

after a longer pause, during which he breathed with great difficulty, he turned his eyes towards his daughter, who sat almost lifeless by him.—“Ethelinde,” cried he—“source of my best hopes on earth!—image of her who is my mediatrix in Heaven!—I die—and leave you indigent;—but not unprotected:—that power whom I have too much neglected, has yet pitied *me*; and has softened the horrors of this parting, by raising up for you a generous, a disinterested friend in Sir Edward Newenden. *He* will be your father—and your protector; and you have two brothers who will glory in acting with him—the dear repentant Chesterville, and the noble minded Montgomery.—If ever it should be your fortune to possess such a competence as may enable you, without cruelty to him, to unite your fate with his, I believe your lot will be as happy as my fondness could wish for you; but if that should never happen, my daughter is too generous to carry poverty and sorrow into

the bosom of the man she loves. Sir Edward, to you, as her second father, I bequeath my Ethelinde."—— This was said so feebly that it was hardly heard. Sir Edward, whose manly countenance was covered with tears, could answer nothing; while he pressed to his lips the hand of Ethelinde, that Colonel Chesterville had put into his; but Montgomery, who saw his best hopes suspended, if not destroyed, by the injunction her father had lain on her, would have spoken if he could, or if there had been any hope of being heard; but the voice which had yet made another effort to thank him, was stifled by the hand of death; and the ear which had been soothed so often by his generous friendship, was closing for ever. A faint and deadly dew broke out on the forehead of the Colonel—a film covered his closing eyes—his pulse beat no longer—and in a moment, after he had pronounced the name of Ethelinde, while still he seemed by the motion of his lips to invoke blessings on her, his gallant spirit fled.

No

No sooner was Chesterville sensible of his death, than, instead of calmly endeavouring to execute his last wishes by tenderness and attention to his sister and his wife, he started up like a lunatic, and shrieking out that at last it was all over—that he had now killed his father assuredly—he snatched his sword, and was running away he knew not why or whither: Victorine had fallen senseless from his arms on the floor;—and Ethelinde, who saw and heard in the deep stupefaction of grief, without having a distinct idea of any thing, gazed without shedding a tear on the face of her dead parent.—“Stop that madman, for God’s sake!” cried Sir Edward Newend to Montgomery. Montgomery ran after him, overtook him on the staircase, and tried to force him back; but he struggled violently against his friend’s efforts; and venting on him all the fury he meditated against himself, he would even have struck him, if Montgomery had not forcibly confined his arms. They

were however so equal in strength, that the contention could not last long. Chesterville, absolutely frantic, threw his friend from him, and plunging from the top to the bottom of the stairs, he fell against the last baluster with violent force—stunned himself—and lay bleeding on the ground.

Nothing but the confusion this struggle occasioned, could have roused Ethelinde from her mournful contemplation on the countenance of her father. But she started at hearing the voice of Montgomery so loudly contending with her brother; and Sir Edward said to her with quickness—“Recollect yourself, Ethelinde;—my friend, your dear father, is gone!—We can now do no more for him.—Let me hasten you from hence with this poor young woman, who must I am sure excite your pity.—Let me see you in a place of safety—and let me try to calm your brother.” At this moment Montgomery ran into the room.—“I believe,” said he,
“Chesterville

“Chesterville has destroyed himself.—For Heaven’s sake, Sir Edward, see what is to be done.” Sir Edward then seized the hand of Ethelinde, and putting his other arm round her waist, he drew her towards the door; desiring Montgomery to attend to Victorine, who being absolutely insensible, he took in his arms, and with the assistance of one of the servants of the house carried down stairs, ordering poor Philip, who had been a weeping witness of the whole scene, to attend to the remains of his deceased master.

Chesterville, who had received a violent contusion on his head, was now lifted from the ground, and carried into a little back room inhabited by the people of the house. Hither Ethelinde and Victorine were brought also; where, as soon as the latter recovered, a new terror awaited her. She saw her husband, his palid face covered with blood, and his eyes closed; and concluding that he was dead also, she relapsed again into total insensibility.

By this time the reasoning and arguments of Sir Edward had prevailed over the torpid sorrow of Ethelinde: he made her feel that it was her duty to exert herself; he assured her that nothing else could prevent the frantic grief of her brother from driving him into some fatal excess; and that tho' at present his wild frenzy had not materially hurt him, there was no answering for future consequences, unless she had courage to interpose between him and his despair. Montgomery, who had been occupied in assisting Cherterville and his wife, now approached her and enforced these arguments. Ethelinde could not shed tears; their source seemed to be exhausted; but she sighed deeply, and giving an hand to each of her friends, she said, very faintly—"I will, indeed, do all that is in my power; I will try to do all I ought to do; and you will both assist me, I know:—you will both help to take care of my unfortunate brother and his wife:—you know I cannot

cannot stir from hence myself to attend them."

"Not stir from hence?" said Sir Edward—"Why not?"

"Because," replied she, "I will not leave my father. I know he is dead—but till I *must* quit him, I will stay by all that remains of him."

"Indeed you shall not," said Sir Edward. "Pardon me, if the first exercise of my power as your guardian is to insist on your relinquishing a project so improper, and taking you, together with your brother and his wife, to my own house."

Montgomery, who doubted as little of the honour of Sir Edward as his own, could not oppose, though he could not approve this intention. To Sir Edward's care Ethelinde had been confided by the last words of her father, and nothing remained but to suffer him to exert that protection which he himself had no means of offering.

Ethelinde

Ethelinde however still objected to being removed: but Sir Edward insisting firmly on it, and assuring her that Philip had the charge of the remains of her beloved parent, she reluctantly consented to depart; having however extorted a promise from both Sir Edward and Montgomery, that she should see her father once more before he was carried to the burial place of his ancestors. This point being gained, and Chesterville restored to some composure, to which the stupor from the blow and the loss of blood contributed more than all Sir Edward's arguments, an hackney coach was procured, in which Victorine, Ethelinde, and her brother were placed; and Sir Edward intreating Montgomery to give proper orders for the funeral, the expence of which he took upon himself, desiring that it might be such as became the rank and family of the Colonel, he conducted the mournful group to his house in Hanover Square.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XI.

MONTGOMERY having seen Ethelinde depart with Sir Edward, her brother and his wife, stayed to direct what was immediately necessary in regard to the remains of his deceased friend; and having acquitted himself of this melancholy duty, he retired, overcome with grief for the present, and sorrowful presages of the future, to his own little apartment; which he would immediately have discharged, in order to remove himself nearer to any place where Ethelinde might for the present remain, but he had no means of paying even for the little time he had been there, till he received another supply of money from his mother.

Absorbed in sorrow for her recent and irreparable loss, Ethelinde had for the first day no power to reflect on any thing else.

Her

Her brother, sinking from his furious and ungovernable paroxysm of despair into torpid and immovable regret, sat for whole hours together without speaking; and then suddenly starting, would shut himself up, and admit neither his sister or his wife into the room. Sir Edward, ever solicitous for Ethelinde, was hurt to observe the effect this behaviour of Chesterville had on her already harrassed spirits. He saw her with fruitless anxiety exert herself to inspire her brother with more fortitude; he saw her sinking under the weight of her own sorrow and his; and that she suffered more severely than he did, from looking forward, and from the sad conviction, that though no longer a prisoner he was in fact a beggar, and, without either fortune or profession, had a wife to support, and probably would have a family.

Nothing however could immediately be done; and Sir Edward, wretched as he was in his own situation, gave his attention principally to soothe and tranquillize
Ethelinde.

Ethelinde. After having vainly attempted to dissuade her from the indulgence of an inclination which could serve only to shock her feeling and irritate her sorrow, he accompanied her himself to the room where the remains of her father were deposited; he saw her, without shedding a tear, imprint with pale and trembling lips a last kiss on the cold hand of that dear parent; then with a convulsive sigh she turned away, and was seated more dead than alive in the coach which had brought her thither; Sir Edward supporting her as they silently went together towards Hanover Square. In a few moments however she seemed to have recovered the shock, and some degree of recollection and presence of mind were restored to her; she asked, in a tremulous voice, when Sir Edward proposed that the funeral should take place? and he told her, that he was that day going to Lord Hawkhurst, to know if he had any directions to give relative to the interment
of

of his brother in the burial place of the family, near his Lordship's principal seat in Worstershire. "And this" continued Sir Edward, "I should have done sooner, but that I was unwilling Lord Hawkhurst should suppose that it is incumbent on him to exert those offices for his brother now he is dead, which when living he declined. His Lordship's unkindness to your father embittered his last moments. He complained not : but I saw that it sunk deeply into his mind. Now perhaps Lord Hawkhurst may think it necessary to conceal by funeral parade the unbrotherly neglect with which he abandoned the latter days of your father; but he shall have nothing to do with it, otherwise than what I am compelled to allow him. Ethelinde could not reply to this. Sir Edward saw her to her apartment in his own house, and left her with Victorine and Montgomery, who was waiting her return; and then his coach carried him to the house of Lord Hawkhurst.

On

On his arrival he found his Lordship on the point of getting into his chariot; he could not therefore be denied; but hearing that Sir Edward Newenden waited on him on particular business, he went back to his study, and Sir Edward followed him.

“ I waited on you, my Lord,” said he very coldly, “ to desire to hear if your Lordship has any directions to give relative to the funeral of your brother, which is to take place on Thursday in Worcester-shire?”

“ The funeral, Sir?” said he, affecting or feeling great surprize and concern. “ Is my brother dead?”

“ Is it possible you can be ignorant of it? did not Mr. Montgomery some days ago inform you, my Lord, of his desperate situation, and solicit you to see him?— There was then no hope of his recovery, and he has now been dead three days.”

The heart of Lord Hawkhurst had not yet lost all its feeling, and his countenance
now

now testified that grief and remorse had seized it. "Good God!" exclaimed he, and his lips trembled as he spoke, "I had not, I give you my honour, Sir Edward, the least notion—I say, that I had not the least idea of his being so ill; none in the world; and I never was so astonished in my life!—Really it is strange that—that his—that his son—his daughter—never thought proper to inform me."

"His son, my Lord, was, as you undoubtedly knew, a prisoner; his daughter, too much occupied by her attendance on him, to be able a moment to leave him.—They thought probably, that the information Mr. Montgomery gave you, would have been sufficient to have excited your brotherly regard, had any remained for the Colonel. However, my Lord, he is gone! and now wants nothing that can tax the kindness of his family. I thought, as his Executor, I ought to inform you that he desired his remains might be deposited with his ancestors: but it is not
my

my intention to give you any farther trouble." Sir Edward then rising was leaving the room, when Lord Hawkhurst in great confusion detained him.—“ Yet a moment, Sir Edward,—favour me—I give you my honour I am really in extreme affliction—Pray tell me—what can I now do ?”—

“ Nothing, my Lord. The dead cannot be recalled, and your concern is merely thrown away.—A few days since indeed a little attention, though it could not have arrested the stroke of death, would have mitigated its pain; and my poor friend might have left the world in the hope that the kindness withheld from him would be extended to the protection of his children.—But now all concern on your Lordship’s part is testified too late, and can avail nothing.”

“ But his son, Sir Edward,” said Lord Hawkhurst in yet encreasing embarrassment—“ can I contribute now to his release ?”.

“ He

“ He *is* released, my Lord; he is at present with me.—If however you will hereafter consider him as your nephew, and assist in procuring some provision for him, it will be well; in the mean time, if your Lordship has no commands for me relative to the mournful office that remains to be performed, I will not longer detain you”. Sir Edward then hastily departed; not without feeling some satisfaction in perceiving that he had left, in the callous bosom of Lord Hawkhurst, pain which he was not likely soon to lose.

As soon as he was gone, Lord Hawkhurst went up to his wife’s apartment, where the change of his countenance immediately announced to her and her daughters that something had made him uneasy: and he informed them immediately of the death of his brother, and the concern he felt that its suddenness had prevented his seeing him.

The proud, selfish and unfeeling woman to whom he addressed himself, had many motives

to

to urge her to stifle and counteract as much as possible these emotions in the mind of her husband.—She dreaded the expence he might feel himself bound to engage in on behalf of the children of his brother, in order to reconcile his own mind to the neglect of him while he lived ;—she dreaded least Ethelinde should be taken to the protection most natural to offer her, for she was too handsome not to eclipse her daughters, and might too probably attract the notice of her son ;—and she knew not to what extremes his Lordship might go in making reparation, if once she suffered him to consider it as a duty at all. For these reasons she heard very coldly the account her husband gave her, and then said —“ Well, my Lord, but you could not possibly help what has happened.—I am sorry you are so much concerned about it ; but I cannot see wherein you are to blame.—You cannot dispose of life and death.”

“ I wish

“ I wish, however, I had seen him the day Mr. Montgomery called here.”

“ Of what use would it have been? it would only have made you uneasy: and besides, how could you go to such a place, you know, as where he had put himself. Really one has enough to do to attend one’s own appointments, and cultivate acquaintance for the benefit of one’s own family.”

“ He was of my own family,” said Lord Hawkhurst, very gravely: “ the only surviving brother of four.”

“ Well, well, my Lord,” said her Ladyship, much alarmed at his earnestness, “ you always treated him as such I am sure while it was in your power without hurting your own children; which certainly nobody can expect: I wish that you *had* seen him, since you fancy that you should in that case have been less concerned; tho’ for my part I think it is better as it is, as it only shocks one to see sick people, and is besides hazardous to
health,

health, and surely quite useless. I hope you will not forget your appointment to day at four with the Duke of ———, who assured me he would grant the favour you wanted done for young Partington, the lawyer's son; and you know how much my son's election on the probable vacancy depends on his exertion. It wants now only a few moments to four.—Pray my Lord don't think of neglecting your appointment."

"I might well be excused, Madam," replied he, "since the arrival of this intelligence. I rather wish to consider what is to be done with the children of my brother."

"Done with them? Why I suppose they'll be taken care of. I dare say he left something handsome; and I am told that they have a great many friends. You know, my Lord, that with such a family as you have of your own, you cannot in reason be expected to do more than assist any other friends they may have." She then

then rang the bell, and ordered her own carriage to go out with her daughters to buy mourning; and with the most perfect apathy left her husband to digest his regret and vexation as well as he could; having given him only to understand, that it was not her pleasure to offer an asylum to his niece, or to make up in kindness to his nephew the neglect his deceased father had so cruelly experienced. But tho' she forbade his taking any measures to lessen his regret, she could not prevent his feeling it: the speeches of Sir Edward Newenden had sunk deeply into his mind; and natural affection, the recollection of his parents, the honor of his family, every thing contributed to impress him with concern so poignant, that the usual remedies of plunging into other pursuits, and drowning recollection amid the business and politics of the world, seemed wholly inefficacious. Unable however to bear his own reflections, his Lordship was compelled to have recourse to these remedies.

dies: and not daring to do what his heart dictated, which was, to have sent immediately an offer of protection to his nephew and niece, he went forth reluctantly and in pain, to see how far the miserable negotiations he had engaged in to promote his parliamentary interest, and the success of the crooked politics by which his wife was ever urging him to promote the interest of his children, would repress the murmurs of his conscience, and obliterate the idea now so predominant in his mind—that of his only brother, hastened towards the grave by his unkindness, and perishing thro' grief, penury and neglect, in the precincts of a prison, to which his paternal tenderness had led him.

Sir Edward, without waiting for any assistance from the near relations of his friend, saw the last offices performed, and attended his remains to the burial place of his ancestors; where, having seen them deposited with the respect his rank and family demanded, he returned to town; miserable

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himself,

himself, to meet a family equally unhappy. During his absence, Montgomery had been every day with Chesterville and Ethelinde. His remonstrances, mingled with soothing pity, had softened the obdurate grief of the brother, who now began to look forward to his future life: but he had not steadiness enough seriously to contemplate a prospect which offered nothing but darkness and despair. He had no reliance but on Sir Edward; yet was already so much obliged to him, that he dared not expect farther assistance, or bear the thoughts of intruding on his goodness. Utterly without money and without profession, deeply in debt to Sir Edward, and with a wife to support, he knew not on what to determine; and frequently from mere inability to bear his own reflections, he had recourse to the bottle, to obtain a temporary relief from the wretchedness that pursued him.

This was an aggravation of the already insupportable sorrows of Ethelinde; nor
could

could even the attempts of Montgomery to console and re-assure her succeed. She saw herself wholly destitute, and without dependance but on the bounty of a man to whose friendship she knew the most evil interpretation would be given by the world; and which, since his separation from Lady Newenden, she could not with any attention to her character continue to receive. Montgomery, equally indigent, had too long bestowed in attendance on her, that time and those abilities by which only he could hope to remedy the injustice of his destiny: his project of going to the East Indies she heard of no more; and in his anxiety and tenderness for her he seemed to have forgotten the necessity of attending to himself: yet she determined whatever it cost her to remind him of it; and to tear herself from him, while her heart was if possible more devoted to him than ever. The situation of her brother gave her more pain than she was capable of feeling for herself; she could not bear

to think of his being supported wholly by Sir Edward Newenden; whose fortune, in consequence of the entire separation he meditated from his wife, must soon be much circumscribed; and the sums he had already paid for her father and her brother, she knew there was no prospect of his ever receiving: yet young Chester-ville seemed at times so entirely to have lost all that manly fortitude which might yet have retrieved his affairs, and gave way with so little resistance to the indulgence of all his former inclinations, that she despaired of every thing that related to him; and gave up the hope she had once entertained, that his marriage might, by giving a new turn to his mind and enforcing the necessity of prudence, become the means of entirely changing his conduct. When the violence of the first shock given him by the death of his father was over, and when the attentive friendship of Montgomery had roused him from the lethargy into which he afterwards fell, his manner appeared to her
more

more wild than ever. Sometimes he talked rationally of his future prospects, and hinted at a project of going to India with Montgomery : but on other occasions he seemed either teized and offended by the solicitude and uneasiness his friend and his sister expressed ; or, heating his imagination with wine, he laughed away their remonstrances ; declared that he feared nothing but being preached to death ; that he had a sure resource against distress, and should do well enough. Poor Victo-
rine, too young to judge of his real situation in a country to the customs of which she was a stranger, wept when she found him unhappy ; but, believing it impossible he could be wrong, smiled when she found him gay ; and fancying that with him she could never be sensible of any hardship, or need any other consolation than his affection, she often thought that Ethelinde and Montgomery were unkind to say any thing that vexed him ; and instead of aiding their remonstrance, tried only to

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soothe

foothe him into forgetfulness that remonfrances had ever been made, or were in any degree necessary.

Such was the situation of the party at Sir Edward Newenden's town house, when he returned out of Worcestershire from the funeral of Colonel Chesterville; and in a sort of mournful fluctuation they continued above a week. Sir Edward, too well aware of the advantage Lady Newenden would take of his receiving Ethelinde and her family into his house, could not however determine to part with her; nor bear to think that when she quitted him she must be thrown entirely into the protection of Montgomery, and would probably avail herself of the necessity of her circumstances to excuse to herself the imprudence of a marriage where neither party possessed the means of procuring the necessaries of life. His mind, occupied by this idea, by the uncertainty of what he could do with Chesterville, and by his determination to live no more with
with

with Lady Newenden, was torn with constant uneasiness, and agitated by uncertainty how he ought to act: while his attachment to Ethelinde, and his fondness for his children, who were now with him in town, and under her care, alone softened with tender sensation the dark and confused chaos which obscured his faculties, while they oppressed his heart.

At those hours when Montgomery was not with them, and when Chesterville and his wife were accidentally absent, Sir Edward would bring his children into the room where Ethelinde sat, and placing himself in another part of it would pretend to be engaged with a book. But his thoughts were not on what he seemed to read, but on Ethelinde; and towards her his eyes were turned whenever he found her not likely to observe him. He no longer struggled to conquer a passion with which he had long thought it a point of honour to contend; but tho' he was content to suffer all its hopeless violence, he

X was so truly in love, that her interest, her happiness, and her fame, were the first objects of his solicitude; to them he thought he could sacrifice even the delight of seeing and of serving her: but when the image of Montgomery—the happy Montgomery arose; when he fancied that he was exclusively possessed not only of her love, but of her esteem and gratitude for his services to her father, his heart rebelled against his reason and his principles; and the conflict was often so violent, that he was on the point of telling Ethelinde the excess of his fatal prepossession, and entreating her to punish him by condemning him to eternal absence. The mournful silence of these meetings was seldom broken but by the sportive questions, or innocent playfulness of the children, who were much fonder of Ethelinde than ever they had been of their mother. One morning while Ethelinde and his father were sitting together, before the family assembled at breakfast, the eldest boy was displaying

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displaying on the carpet variety of childrens books, which had been purchased for him the day before; and among the pictures with which they were adorned he was pointing out to his brother, a good boy and his mama.

“Yes George, and we had a mama once,” said the sensible little Newenden, “but nurse says we must not ask for her now, for she is gone a great way off, and will never love us any more.”—“I want mama” cried George, who was hardly three years old.

“Yes,” answered Edward, “but mama—poor mama, is taken quite away from us; and now we have nobody to love us but nurse, and papa, and cousin Ethy.”

Sir Edward, who at the beginning of this little dialogue had lain down his book, and turned as pale as death, now burst into tears, and running to his two boys, he threw himself down by them, clasped them wildly in his arms, and became so agonized with passion, that Ethe-

linde, who was not less affected, thought it necessary to interpose.—“For God’s sake, Sir Edward,” cried she, attempting to raise him, “give not way to emotions so useless and so distressing.—Be calm—be composed, I conjure you; these agonies are dreadful; and see how they affect these dear innocent creatures.”

The voice of Ethelinde had ever a fascinating power on the heart of Sir Edward; it now owned her influence, but felt only encreasing torment; he looked up as she wrung his hand;—“I affect *you*,” said he, “I affect even these unconscious little creatures!—pardon me.—I know it is unmanly—to weep like a woman, over the errors of the worthless and unfeeling, who have dishonoured and forsaken me and mine!”—Again his voice faltered, and a paroxysm of grief and sorrow came over him, while he continued to grasp and to kiss the trembling hand of Ethelinde. For a moment she bore in silence these painful testimonies of his
 perturbed

perturbed mind; then trying to collect all her courage, she again besought him to be appeased, and to suffer her to take away the children, from whom the sight of his agonies had by this time extorted the most piercing cries of infantine sorrow; and the youngest of them, a little girl who had just learned to walk, hung sobbing on the cloaths of Ethelinde, tho' she was not old enough to understand that she had been abandoned by a mother whom she had hardly known.

"Take them away," cried Sir Edward, "I cannot bear this; but do not stay long from me, for you only can reconcile me to an existence so hateful—so hopelessly wretched." He knew not what he said; and Ethelinde, hurrying away the children to their nurse, returned to him, without having the power to collect her thoughts sufficiently to be able to reason with him.

Victorine and Chesterville entered the breakfast room at the same moment, luckily

ily for Sir Edward, who was by their presence compelled to recall some degree of composure. Their breakfast passed in only such conversation as could not be avoided, and almost as soon as it was over Victorine went to her own room, and her husband went out. Sir Edward was again left alone with Ethelinde; who having been collecting her thoughts and strengthening her resolution during their short and melancholy meal, paused a few moments after the tea table was removed, and then addressed herself to Sir Edward, who, having seated himself on a sofa opposite to her, had thrown his arm over it and leaned his head on his arm, hardly seeming sensible of who was in the room, till her voice awakened his attention.

“Will you, my dear Sir Edward”—said she, speaking in a low and tremulous tone:—“Will you give me a few moments patient attention?”

“A few moments!” cried he, starting from the posture he was in, and fixing his
his

his swollen eyes on her face—"A thousand! a million! Oh! would to God my whole life could be passed only in listening to that soul soothing voice—only in gazing on that attractive, that softly bewitching countenance!"

Ethelinde had been two or three times, within the last few days, alarmed and distressed by speeches of the like nature; still, tho' they pained and confused her, she was willing to understand them only as the tender effusions of that warm and lively friendship Sir Edward had always professed for her.

"You are not patient—you are not composed, nor reasonable;" said she, looking very grave—"Therefore it were better to defer what I have to say till another time." She then arose to go; but Sir Edward hastily quitting his seat, took her hand.—"Upon my soul I am—I will be calm!" cried he.—"Pardon me dearest Ethy; there are times when I think my reason is failing me; when I feel
so

so wretched that I hardly wish its continuance ;—pray forgive me—and sit down.—Ethelinde returned to her seat ; he took his, on the opposite side of the table ; and after another short pause, “ Sir Edward,” said she, collecting all her courage—“ it is I think a fortnight to day since I saw my father expire !”

“ Yes ” answered he — “ it is a fortnight : but to what purpose would you now recall that distressing scene to your mind ?”

“ For a purpose which I hope and believe I shall ever invariably pursue ; that of recollecting all I have lost in him, and all I owe to your unexampled friendship. Absorbed as I have hitherto appeared in the first of these sentiments, believe me the last has never for a moment escaped me. Conscious that I owe every thing to you ; the liberty of my brother, his support, perhaps his life, and what was yet dearer to my bleeding heart, the little peace that soothed the dying moments of my dear suffering

suffering parent, nay even the last mournful offices that could be performed for his beloved ashes, I would feign —” She tried to go on, but finding it impossible, stopped and yielded to the grief with which these melancholy images overwhelmed her.

“ I promised you my patient attention Ethy,” said Sir Edward, whose voice was choaked with sobs; “ I revoke my promise, if it is thus you mean to engage it: of what use is this fruitless retrospection, this fruitless regret which tears you to pieces? if you would afford me any pleasure from what I have done, shew me that it has been useful to you, and——”

“ Do not revoke your promise,” replied Ethelinde, recovering herself by an effort—“ no, do not revoke it; but hear me, I beseech you, without minding the weakness which my woman’s heart may betray me into, in the course of what I think it necessary, for both our sakes necessary, that *I* should say, and that *you* should hear.”

Sir

Sir Edward, struck at once with the earnestness of her manner and the purport of her words, was silent, and she thus proceeded—

“The subject of your unhappy division with Lady Newenden is so delicate, so difficult to be touched with any hopes of accommodation, that I hardly know how to speak of it; yet let me, dear Sir Edward; conjure you by all your past affection for her, by all the tenderness you feel for your children, by all your hopes of tranquillity hereafter, consider well what you do, when you throw her off for ever; consider whether your anger has not been raised rather by transient and thoughtless indiscretion, than by confirmed and premeditated guilt. Remember the many instances there have been of groundless, unreasonable jealousy, followed by fatal consequences, and ask yourself whether you should ever forgive yourself, if your suspicions should be found equally unfounded, and be followed by some deplorable catastrophe.”

“Deception!

“Deception! suspicion!” said Sir Edward—“Is it possible I *could* be deceived? am I so prone to suspicion? Alas! Ethelinde, far, very far from being solicitous to learn that Lady Newenden was culpable, I was even mean and dastardly in shutting my eyes. As long as it was possible, I tried, I laboured to deceive myself; but the veil which my affection would to the last have thrown over her indiscretions, had they been merely indiscretions, was forcibly torn away by the daring hand of determined unblushing infamy. Lady Newenden, who shall no longer bear that disgraced name than till I can divest her of it by law, is, be assured, unworthy of your concern as much as she disdains your pity. The wretch who has robbed me of my peace, and my children of their mother, has yet another account to settle with me; an account, which will not be the less heavy for its being delayed till my duty to those desolate children is fulfilled by a settlement of my affairs, and till I have done
all

all I can for the estimable part of that family which my wife has disgraced."

There was a fullen and resolute resentment visible in Sir Edward's manner, which made Ethelinde tremble: she still would have urged the possibility of Lady Newenden's innocence, but he spurned the idea when she attempted to renew the subject, and said with impatience—"Speak of her no more, Ethelinde, least you provoke me to curse her, press me no more on a topic so hateful—I cannot answer for myself."

"Well, Sir Edward, may I then speak of myself?"

"Do, and I will hear you for ever with delight," said he.

"Let me then say, that circumstanced as you now are, all the obligations I am under to you are of double weight. What we denominate the world, made up of persons who have either very bad hearts that prompt them to invent malignant calumnies, or of very bad heads which find occupation and amusement in believing and in spreading them, will, I have no doubt of it, misrepresent

represent your kindness both to me and to poor Harry. Lady Newenden, my uncle Maltravers, and above all, Mrs. Maltravers, who never loved me, will take advantage of it; and while your generosity is imputed to the most unworthy motives, my character will equally suffer." She stopped, hesitated, and after a deep sigh went on.—

"I am well convinced, Sir Edward, that this reflection must have occurred to you; though *you* have never been offended with the remonstrances of Mrs. Ludford, or the sarcastic hints of Lord Danesforte."

"Mrs. Ludford!—Lord Danesforte!—what do you mean?"—

"That both" replied Ethelinde, blushing deeply, "had the cruelty long ago—so long ago as we were at Bristol, to insinuate, that your—your—friendship for me, was improper for you to feel and for me to allow.—"

"Curse light on his infamous head!" exclaimed Sir Edward, starting up in a new agony of rage and resentment.

"How

“How dared he offend your ears with such a suggestion against me. May I perish in unlamented infamy if I wash not away all my injuries in—”

“Hold, Sir Edward,” cried Ethelinde, terrified at the vehemence of a man whose temper was naturally as equal as it was excellent—“I conjure you, conquer these useless transports, or it will be impossible for me to disburthen an heart which still, in spite of malevolence and falsehood, feels that it may rest on your honour, and rely on your protection.”

“I will be patient,” said Sir Edward—
“But name not again that detested villain!”

“What has been said when I lived with my cousin, and under the immediate guardianship of my father, is much more likely to be said now; when my cousin is no longer mistress of her house, and when my parent is gone!—for your own sake therefore, my dear Sir Edward, as well as mine, it is absolutely necessary that I remove. During
this

this last melancholy fortnight there was some excuse; for the deserted ward fell naturally into the immediate care of her guardian; but now it is time to seek another asylum."

Sir Edward felt the reason of all she urged; but his heart revolted. He could not bear to part with her, though conscious that she ought to go: and still dreading that love had more influence on her resolution than prudence, he was again torn with the conflicting emotions of jealousy, tenderness, grief, and despair.

"And whither would you go Ethelinde?" said he—"for whom would you quit the protection to which you were commended by the dying directions of your father."

"Indeed, Sir Edward, it is too true that I have no asylum. Among many and opulent relations I know of not one who will receive me: yet here I certainly ought not to stay: I cannot stay without being wretched."

Glad

Glad that the name of Montgomery was not repeated, of which he was in momentary dread, he said, with more calmness—"I think much of the objection you have raised against remaining with me chimerical; yet if it makes you for a moment uneasy, it has with me all the force of reality. Surely however much may be removed if I send for Ellen. The presence of my Sister, of your brother and his wife, ought to silence the most prudish or the most malicious observer. Ellen knows what has happened in regard to Lady Newenden, and will undoubtedly come to me if I now send for her.—Tell me—will her presence make you easier?"

Ethelinde, not knowing how to persist in desiring a removal which she saw would be so painful to her benefactor and friend, and not knowing whither to go or how to subsist if she did remove, consented at length to this plan. Sir Edward instantly sat down to write to his sister; and recapitulating all that he had informed her
of

of in a former letter (to which letter he had received no answer) he pressed her with great earnestness to come to him and to replace in his house the mistress who was to enter it no more. He slightly touched on the situation of Ethelinde, and named her, her brother and Victorine, but forbore to say that it was principally on the account of the former that he so earnestly solicited his sister's company. To this letter he received by the return of the post the following answer.

Brackwood Down, Feb. 17th. 17—

Dear Ned,

“ I had yours by to day's post. I had also your former dated a month ago. 'Twas of no use to send an answer as nothing was to be said. I was always afraid that you would have the worst of it, but I hope you have too much sense to take the matter much to heart. The money is, I think, the worst part of the business; as to the woman, such affairs are so common
that

that I hope you won't care. I saw old Chesterville's death in the news-papers, and was sorry to hear it. To be sure I'll come up if you cannot do without me, though I can do but little good, and the weather is still so open 'tis a thousand pities to leave this place. My horses are all in a fine style, and Meteor leads the field as usual.—I wish her Ladyship had run out of the course in the summer, for to go to London now is terribly inconvenient to me: however I will be with you about Tuesday, meaning to set out on horseback after Monday's hunt, and get as far as Dorchester, where I take post-chaise. Till then, dear Ned, farewell!—

Yours truly—

ELEANOR NEWENDEN."

CHAP-

out of nature

CHAPTER XII.

WHILE Sir Edward and his friends waited the arrival of the lady whose letter concluded the last chapter, he listened attentively to the various schemes which Chesterville and Montgomery discussed for the future establishment of the former.

After various projects considered and rejected, it was at length agreed, that to go with his wife to the West Indies in search of her father would be the most eligible plan. Sir Edward highly approved of it, and that no impediment might remain, he signified to Montgomery, that he would supply Chesterville with a sum of money, and endeavour to procure him a commission in a regiment stationed in Jamaica. Ethelinde was much consoled by this arrangement, as she had hopes that Mr. Harcourt, who

was reputed to be so immensely rich, would make some provision for his daughter, and enable his son-in-law to repay his pecuniary obligations to his generous benefactor. Every thing then was done preparatory to the execution of this measure: on the day appointed Miss Newenden arrived; on her first enterance she shook her brother by the hand, spoke to Ethelinde, without much feeling, of her recent loss, and rather roughly rallied young Chester-ville on his marriage. "You headlong boys," said she "are all alike; caught with the first pretty face, you run your heads into a noose that the rest of your life is passed in struggling to get out of. Here's poor Ned, you see, forced to cut his at last; and I suppose in a year or two we shall have you as eager to send your Spanish wife back, as he is to get quit of his Asiatic. You had better by half have brought over a Barb; there would have been some sense in that." Sir Edward was not present to hear this speech, and Victorine did not understand English

English enough to be hurt at it. Chester-ville, who was capable of rattling as wildly as Miss Newenden, answered her in her own way; and a sort of skirmishing dialogue was usually carried on between them, which would have frequently compelled a smile from any hearers, who had hearts less deeply affected than were those of Sir Edward, Ethelinde, and Montgomery.

Of these, it was impossible to say which was the most miserable; the presence of Miss Newenden by no means satisfied Ethelinde that the world would not equally blame her for residing with Sir Edward; yet whither could she go, or how quit the protection to which her father had consigned her? When Montgomery, who grew so uneasy at her stay in Hanover Square that he could no longer refrain from expressing it, urged her by all the tenderness she had deigned to own for him, and by all his sufferings, to unite her fate with his, and give him a motive for that exertion in regard to making his fortune which he

now wanted, she heard him with attention, with tenderness, frequently with tears; but resolutely declined marrying, to carry only indigence and sorrow to the man she loved, and to become a burthen to his mother, who had hardly a sufficiency for herself. Sir Edward had by this time learned that Lady Newenden, in the prospect of marrying Lord Danesforte, wished only that he might obtain the divorce he had meditated; the idea of its being then possible that Ethelinde might be his, flattered the predominant passion of his soul, and he was roused from contemplating a prospect so seducing, only by his tenderness for his children: Lady Newenden was still their mother; and there were moments in which the extreme softness of his temper made him with it possible to forgive and receive her, whom he had once so tenderly loved, and who was yet endeared to him by those objects of his paternal affection; then he struggled with his reason, and with the sad conviction of her infidelity, to find some palliation

palliation of her conduct; and his rage and resentment fell on Lord Danesforte. Nothing but the situation in which, on his arrival in London, he had found Colonel Chesterville, had prevented his seeking immediate reparation for the injury he had received from his Lordship. To Colonel Chesterville it was his intention to have applied to accompany him into the field; but his death, and the subsequent distress and sufferings of Ethelinde, had postponed even his vengeance. It was, however, so far from being extinguished, that it now blazed with greater fury than ever: but he carefully concealed his intentions from Ethelinde, who he saw suspected them, and communicated only to young Chesterville the measures he had taken to obtain, what the laws of honor denominate satisfaction, from Lord Danesforte.

Montgomery usually called once a day on Ethelinde, and passed many of his hours in the service of her brother. His dejection grew every day deeper and more ap-

parent: sometimes he fancied that the partiality of Sir Edward for Ethelinde, which might easily be seen even by eyes not sharpened by jealousy, was, if not returned, at least not displeasing to her; at other times he hated himself for daring to suspect her; now he determined to execute his former project of going to India, and now shrunk from the idea of leaving her in the power of Sir Edward, who, to all the claims that gratitude gave him over her heart, might soon be in a situation to obtain her hand. He knew that she esteemed and regarded Sir Edward as her friend and her benefactor—the benefactor of her father and her brother; and though he had himself so long gloried in the certainty that her heart was his own, diffidence of his own merit rather than any doubt of her affection, made him tremble at the idea of a long, long separation, in which she would be left wholly in the protection of Sir Edward, and when so many motives might concur to make her forget, or at least sacrifice

crifice to her guardian; her banished and unfortunate Montgomery.

Tormented incessantly with these reflections, his life became burthensome to him; he no longer pursued any regular plan for obtaining an establishment; and when Sir Edward mentioned a renewed hope of being able to procure him a commission in the service of the East India Company, (his first application for which had failed through the present coldness that subsisted between him and Mr. Maltravers) Montgomery received the information so coldly, that Sir Edward could not forbear speaking of it to Ethelinde.

"Believe me," said he, "I am interested for Montgomery, and will do any thing that is possible to serve him; but of late he has appeared to take every thing I have said on that subject rather as an affront than a kindness. He made himself an application to me for the very post I have at this time a near prospect of obtaining for him; yet now he seems wholly

disinclined to accept it. Ethelinde, I will be ingenuous with you: I believe that the encouragement your poor father gave to this young man not long before his death has destroyed his spirit of enterprise; to quit you he finds impossible; you know best, whether, unprovided for as he is, you ought to confirm the hopes he entertained, whether you ought, either for your own sake or his, to let him suppose they can be immediately realized."

The changes in Sir Edward's countenance and voice while he made this speech, escaped not the observation of Ethelinde, greatly as she was hurt and confused by the purport of it; but her ingenuous nature, incapable of artifice, disdained to affect an indifference which she did not feel; and after a little hesitation, she said — "Sir Edward, I believe you already know, that if I had an independent or even a competent fortune, Mr. Montgomery would be the man to whom I would give it; but situated as we both are, I
have

have told him that we cannot be united, and that the more tenderly I am attached to him, the more resolutely I feel myself able to reject him, and to refuse what would certainly not make him happy; since, were we to marry, situated as we now are, we should feel with redoubled force all the inconveniences of a narrow fortune, or the misery of separating to avoid them. I am not myself afraid of poverty, but much afraid of seeing the fairer prospects of Montgomery blasted by his participating my indigence; I will, with your permission, speak to him on the subject you have to day named, and I dare venture to say that finally he will not be found negligent of your meditated kindness."

Sir Edward, whose heart glowed with admiration while it ached with the certainty of her steady preference of Montgomery, was ill qualified at that moment to continue the conversation. He left her, therefore, almost immediately; and was
soon

soon after summoned to the dining room by the arrival of Lord Hawkhurst.

His Lordship appeared in mourning, and his countenance expressed something of confusion on the sight of his nephew and his niece; but he seemed struggling to conquer it, and to assume the appearance of cold civility. After sitting a few moments, while, whatever the party thought, none of them seemed disposed to be communicative, Lord Hawkhurst addressed himself to Sir Edward, and desired to be permitted the honor of speaking to him alone. They went immediately into the study, and his Lordship, after a pause, which Sir Edward did not interrupt, thus began—

“ Sir Edward, I am well persuaded that you will with the candour, and—I say I am convinced that your natural candour will induce you—to hear—and to hear, without being offended, that, which I give you my honor I am very sorry—extremely

tremely concerned indeed, to have occasion to trouble you upon."

Sir Edward, though much wondering what could follow such a prelude, coldly assured him that he was prepared to listen and begged to be honored with his Lordship's commands.

"Mr. Maltravers, Sir Edward, was with me last night; and though I give you my honor nothing is more repugnant to my principles than to interfere—I say, though nothing is more remote from my usual plan than to intermeddle in domestic disagreements; yet really as the matter is represented to me, and as persons are concerned who are related to me, and who even bear my name——"

"Explain yourself, my Lord!" said Sir Edward, impatiently interrupting him.

"What has Mr. Maltravers said? and on what has he taken the trouble to address himself to your Lordship?"

"On the unfortunate misunderstanding between you, Sir Edward, and his daughter,

ter, Lady Newenden, which he represents as originating solely in your—really, Sir, it is an awkward circumstance to mention—your attachment—your partiality to his (Mr. Maltravers's) niece—who is also my niece—to Ethelinde Chesterville."

Rage, indignation and surprise, stopped, for a moment, the words which Sir Edward would have uttered. "Does Mr. Maltravers dare to affirm so infamous a falsehood?" cried he at length.

Lord Hawkhurst waved his hand in assent; and then pausing to collect his oratorical powers, he spread forth one hand, and laying the other on his breast, went on.—"I am concerned, Sir Edward, —much concerned, I give you my honor; I say, I am greatly hurt at the asseverations of Mr. Maltravers, who is much of a gentleman and my very good friend, on this subject. Palliatives, my dear Sir—palliatives are all we can now apply. Mr. Maltravers seems really solicitous to promote an act of oblivion: he even goes so far

far as to own that Lady Newenden, irritated doubtless, as is the nature of her sex, by your preference of her relation, (a preference either real or imaginary, we will not decide which)—I say Mr. Maltravers, is willing to acknowledge, that her Ladyship, piqued as I observed before, *might* possibly resent it by shewing a *little* too much attention to Lord Danesforte: But my dear Sir, do consider the state of facts: her mother, Mrs. Maltravers, was actually with her the whole time, and declares that her daughter was most innocent of every charge which you made against her, when you so hastily and so unkindly left her with threats of pursuing measures which, pardon me, I am sure you must long since have thought better of.” Sir Edward was now about to interrupt him, but he said—“ Pardon me Sir Edward; allow me yet a moment to explain, or rather to detail all Mr. Maltravers related to me: he observed then, Sir—I say, Mr. Maltravers observed, that nothing could
be

be a stronger confirmation of the truth of your predilection in favor of Miss Chester-ville, than your hastening instantly to London to her; the large sums you immediately advanced for the enlargement of that unhappy and indiscreet young man, her brother, (who now by his marriage has completely ruined himself) and your taking her into your house, where I understand she acts as its mistress. Mr. Maltravers, (pardon me Sir Edward, I only repeat his sentiments)—I say, Mr. Maltravers complains, that not satisfied with the large sums you have expended out of your wife's fortune for these purposes, you make her reputation, which is much dearer to her, the victim of this unlucky partiality for, I fear, a very artful young person."

The indignation of Sir Edward was anew trembling on his lips; but his Lordship, who perceived it, again stopped him.—"Yet a moment, Sir Edward—yet a moment of your patience, and I have done.

done. All these charges, my dear Sir—I say all these charges, all these circumstances, will have but an ugly, but a very ugly appearance before the public: I am sure you must, on cool reflection—I say, I am well persuaded that on turning over all the relative circumstances in your own mind candidly and coolly, you will allow, that it is best that Mr. Maltravers's offer of a general amnesty be accepted; and an act I say—an act of oblivion on all hands agreed to. I recommend it to you to receive Lady Newenden; I will take care that Ethelinde Chesterville shall be removed to a situation where the affair will not be known: and the world, who are at present, let me tell you, very busy with her fame, will overlook and forget these awkward suspicions. I say——”

Sir Edward could bear any thing better than this reflection on Ethelinde; and his patience, so severely tried, was now exhausted.—“No, my Lord,” said he, while fury and disdain animated his features,

“say

“say nothing more, I beseech you; for be assured you will obtain no longer a hearing to calumny so infamous and proposals so disgraceful. My conduct towards my wife will be justified in another place: it is not to your Lordship, who seems indeed a most prejudiced judge, that I am compelled to give any account of it: as to your niece, my Lord, I should have thought that your paltry desertion of her would have made you blush thus to join in blasting a character which only the malice of fiends could have dared originally to sully. By heaven she is as pure as an angel, and has virtue enough to rescue the rest of the race from perdition. Never shall she be obliged to you, my Lord, while I have a fortune to supply or an arm to defend her; her father, on his death bed—that death bed where I saw his noble spirit sinking under his cruel relations neglect, gave his orphan daughter to my care; and never, let the infamous
and

and worthless say what the malice of hell may dictate, never will I give up the sacred trust, or call upon *you* to relieve me from it; *you*, who must ever appear to the generous and good,

‘ The mean deserter of your brother’s blood !’

“ So much, my Lord, for your Lordship’s offer of taking your innocent, your defamed and insulted niece: and as to Mr. Maltravers’s part of the message which you have condescended to deliver, I beg to say in answer to it, that I scorn his ungenerous attempt at retaliation, and that knowing my own integrity in regard to his niece, I pity while I must repel once and for ever, his ill judged experiment to hide the too flagrant infamy of his daughter. If he will apply immediately to myself, he will know more of my intentions about her: your Lordship I think will do well to decline appearing again in the negotiation.” Sir Edward then, without waiting for an answer, left the room; and Lord

Hawkhurst, thunderstruck with the vehemence of his manner, which his own reproaching conscience secretly justified, immediately quitted the house in confusion and dismay.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

